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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

GERMAN DISARMAMENT

A RECENT issue of *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* contains an inspired article describing the progress made toward abolishing the old military establishment. The General Staff was dissolved on October 1, 1919; most of its officers are now engaged in civilian occupations and the building it occupied has been taken over by the Interior Department. General Headquarters was abolished long ago, as were also the old war ministries still maintained under the Empire in Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg. All the military forces of the government are now controlled by the Ministry of Defense which is a comparatively modest body corresponding to the reduced establishment. For instance, in the old days, the Prussian War Ministry alone employed 606 officers and 1348 civilians. The entire National Defense Office, which has taken over the duties of four previous ministries, employs but 298 officers and about the same number of civilians. In place of the seven old army departments and twenty-five divisions, Germany now has three National Defense Divisions. Furthermore, it is stated that the old military academies have been abolished.

The article we publish this week, describing the mental distress of the German middle classes over the demand of the Allies that the Home Guard be disarmed, was written by a French Swiss lawyer who had recently visited Germany, and originally appeared in a paper of strong pro-Entente sympathies. We understand that the Home Guard is organized something like our Colonial Minute Men in 1775, but that its purpose is primarily to defend the country from domestic instead of foreign enemies. Somewhat similar associations have been formed in France to protect the state against political strikes and is reported to have contributed to keeping public service in operation during the recent cessation of work in that country; though, of course, the French societies are not armed, as the maintenance of order in that country is left entirely to the police and the regular forces.

Germany now has at least four military or semi-military organizations; the National Guard, which is a force of regulars and which it is proposed to limit to 100,000 or 200,000 men; the 'Free Corps,' or volunteers, like the famous Eckhardt Marine Brigade, which are groups of profes-

sional soldiers who voluntarily gathered about popular leaders in the early days of the revolution and were employed by the government to maintain order, suppress revolts, and defend the Eastern frontiers; the 'Safety Police,' who resemble the gendarmes or constabulary in most European countries, and the Home Guard, which we have just described, whose members apparently receive no regular drill under the colors but are enrolled and armed and subject to call when their service is required for maintaining order.

TEUTON IDEAS OF AMERICA

AMERICAN Democracy has long been a favorite theme in the party polemics of Germany. The Monarchists were wont to emphasize what they alleged to be American backwardness in industrial and social legislation as evidence that the masses were better off under a paternal empire than in a republic. These arguments were often supported by intelligent though partisan accounts of conditions in the United States, and they undoubtedly helped to promote in Germany prejudice against American institutions and misunderstanding of our people.

We print this week an article typical of this literature, although more moderate than many German writings on the subject. Unfriendliness toward the United States and distrust of our aims appear to be growing rapidly in Europe. They are not to be attributed, however, to our rejection of the treaty. In fact, our disposition to return to our old policy of national isolation may tend to allay rather than increase this distrust.

Captain Von Knorr, a special correspondent for the *Berliner Lokal Anzeiger*, proceeding to the Orient *via* the Panama Canal, thus summarizes his impressions of the United States revisited after the war.

> I must confess that the tremendous vitality of this country, amounting almost to an intoxication — based as it is upon unrelieved materialism, and pitilessly, ruthlessly pursuing its ends — affected me very powerfully and with a certain sense of oppression. How can Germany ever measure itself against such a land? That was the pessimistic question which pursued my steps. I felt as if I were in the presence of a mighty force of nature, something like those lava flows which stream from the crater of the fire gods of Hawaii on the mountain slopes of Mauna Loa, and irresistibly push forward to the sea.
>
> Yes, America too is pushing to the sea, thanks to the inspiration of the European war. It is building a vast merchant fleet. It threatens like the lava stream to thrust its way aggressively whither it will, and to unsettle the political equilibrium and even the independence of nations. Unchecked, 'running free,' America is now in the full fever of economic world conquest.

RADICALISM IN FRANCE

FRANCE has recently experienced a general strike, of which — so far as we can judge from its press — we have received but incomplete information. Apparently, however, the main outcome is sufficiently well understood. As has happened in some previous labor contests of a more or less political character — notably in New Zealand and Australia — the general public rallied so strongly to the support of the government in its effort to keep the railways, tramways, lighting systems, and other essential services in operation, that the strike weapon as an instrument of social intimidation failed. The article we print this week from a Conservative Madrid paper does not depict a typical cross section of the French Radicalism which inspired this strike. It is, however, an interesting picture of the minds of a small group of French theoretical terrorists and of the *milieu* in which they work.

RUSSIAN INTELLECTUALS FOR RUSSIA

OUT of the chaos of Russia, there seems to be emerging a new spirit of Nationalism, chastened and instructed by years of disaster and suffering. If this betokens the approach of a period when compromise and tolerance shall have won a victory over discord and faction and intolerance, then this new phenomenon is very hopeful indeed. In an endorsement of the appeal of the Russian Intellectuals which we print this week, H. G. Wells says:

> Can there be any answer but one from intelligent, educated men in England and America to this candid, reasonable, and moving appeal? It is difficult to find anything to add to what is said in this admirable document; it states its case so simply and clearly. The men who sign it are citizens of the intellectual community of the world; they appeal to us, across the stupid obstacles created by our politicians and our royalist and reactionary officials, for help in the gigantic task they are attempting not simply for Russia but mankind. We must needs answer with our warmest greetings and sympathy and the promise of our utmost help.

A recent article on Petrograd in the London *Morning Post* throws the following interesting sidelight upon present conditions in the former capital.

> Petrograd as a city or single unit of population seems to have ceased to exist. It is broken up into a group of independent communities, each being one of the islands which are formed by the canals. Each island lives to itself in all essential particulars, with little life, traffic, or communication any longer passing from one to the other.

SCHOOL QUESTION IN HOLLAND

HOLLAND is discussing just at present the reorganization of its public school system. For fifty years the controversy between secular and religious instruction in that country has been acute. Under the existing law the public schools are entirely secular, but there is no discrimination against pupils educated in denominational institutions such as prevails in Italy for instance. The public schools are now charged with responsibility for the rapid spread of Socialism. Since the recent revision of the Constitution, which makes such a policy permissible, a bill has been introduced into Parliament placing both religious and secular schools under state control, but at the same time providing for their support from the public treasury.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

THE London *Morning Post* publishes a Vienna dispatch of April 16, summarizing an instructive paper recently read there by the general manager of the Wittkowitz Works upon the present state of the iron industry in Czecho-Slovakia. Almost all the furnaces of the former Hapsburg Empire are situated within the boundaries of this new state. However, transportation difficulties have seriously reduced production. The Wittkowitz Works now turn out 300,000 tons per annum as compared with 530,000 tons before the war. Political conditions handicap mining operations and railway traffic. Some important mines are in Hungary, whose government forbids the exportation of the ore to the neighboring state. Indeed, the embarrassments caused by new political boundaries and legislative impediments are so great that arrangements are being made to bring iron ore from Sweden.

Czecho-Slovakia now has an elected parliament. The National Assembly, which preceded it, was an appointed body, in which the Germans refused to be represented. According to the latest returns, 141 members of the new legislature will be Socialists and 137 members of bourgeois parties. The old Assembly arranged the boundaries of the electoral districts so as to make it practically certain that the Czechs

would have a majority. This seems to have been attained, for about 60 per cent of the delegates are of that nationality, and 40 per cent are Germans, Hungarians, and Slovaks. Apparently, the tendency of the electors is to divide into a Socialist and a Clerical group, of which the latter is stronger in the farming districts and the former in the towns and mining regions. These groups do not form along the lines of nationality. There are German Clericals and German Socialists and Czech Clericals and Czech Socialists. Since about one third of the members will be Germans and a majority will be Radicals or Social Democrats, it is predicted that the new government will maintain very friendly relations with Germany.

The administration, like that of other European countries following the war, is over-loaded with civil servants. According to a recent Prague dispatch in the *Vossische Zeitung*, not less than 700,000 men and women are directly employed by the government, very largely in unproductive service. The state employees of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy, with nearly five times the population of Czecho-Slovakia, numbered approximately 400,000.

The new constitution seeks to prevent delays in legislation by providing that bills passed by the Lower House shall become a law if the Senate delays acting upon them more than six weeks. Bills originating in the Senate and passed by that body must be considered by the Lower House within three months. If the Senate rejects a bill passed by the House and the bill is again passed by the latter, it becomes a law.

ITALIAN NOTES

DURING the recent general strikes in Turin, most of the public services as well as private industries were stopped. Italian press correspondents described the rails of the tramways as rusted from lack of use. The number of strikers exceeded one hundred and fifty thousand. Immense crowds of workmen thronged the streets in front of the government pawn shops, pledging their last effects in order to get money to feed themselves and their families. Labor unrest in Italy is following a course perilously like that in Spain. A number of workmen and gendarmes have been killed. Happily, however, these conflicts have not yet taken the vendetta character which they have assumed in Spain, where the newspapers frequently report the assassination of employers.

The victory of the Conservative wing of the Italian Clerical party at its last national convention has brought into prominence the young Sicilian leader of that group, Don Sturzo. Like his opponent, Miglioli, he is a land reformer, and was distinguished during his twelve years' service as the mayor of a Sicilian commune by his labors in behalf of the peasantry. But he does not believe in coöperative land management, the abolition of inheritance, and certain other extreme doctrines of his Radical-Clerical opponents.

A D'ANNUNZIO EPISODE

THE Fiume correspondent of *L'Echo de Paris* describes in a letter dated late in April, a typical exploit of D'Annunzio's legionaries. Being short of remounts for their cavalry, a party of them secretly left the city on a destroyer and silently reaching Abbazia, the well-known summer resort across the harbor, surprised and overwhelmed the Italian sentries stationed there and seized forty-six horses in a neighboring corral, making their escape by sea before a general alarm was given. As a result, the Italian commander ordered a strict blockade

of Fiume. D'Annunzio announced he would meet this measure by dropping over Italy from aeroplanes photographs of the horses with the following legend: 'Here are the forty-six horses on account of which the Italian Government is trying to starve forty-six thousand human beings.'

RADICAL IDEAS AT HAMBURG

Dr. Bendixen, president of the Hamburg Mortgage Bank, proposes that the German Government solve its present fiscal and currency crisis by going still further with the policy of inflation. He suggests that all the German war bonds and certificates of indebtedness be converted into money by making them legal tender. In order to be accepted as currency they will require to be stamped and from that date interest will cease to accrue upon them. As rapidly as these bonds and certificates come into the national bank it will issue new notes against them. He thus proposes an increase in circulation of approximately seventy billion marks. The argument in favor of such a measure is that Germany has no choice between bankruptcy and inflation and that though the latter evil may be serious, it is the lesser of the two. It would save the country about five billions of interest and possibly enable the government to borrow at lower rates on its new bonds. Naturally, this suggestion is bitterly criticized by orthodox financiers.

After months of discussion the government of Hamburg has at last resolved upon the heroic method of rationing tenements in order to meet the housing crisis. Although this has been under discussion so long, the actual enforcement of such a measure has produced a most unpleasant shock upon the better situated classes. The authorities began with separate residences and villas, which were requisitioned for homeless families, but finding this inadequate, have now levied upon apartment houses. Commissioners have inspected practically every dwelling in the city requisitioning two, three, four rooms or more according to the ratio the tenant's family bears to the quarters in which he resided. The people of Hamburg are said to have felt this invasion of the privacy of their homes more keenly than any other personal hardship inflicted by the war and the revolution. Naturally, the billeted families were not received cordially by the owners or by the people already in occupation. In addition, the housing authorities are accused of having been indifferent or tactless in the matter of placing in the same residences and apartments people likely to be uncongenial even under the best of conditions.

BADEN-BADEN

In spite of Germany's political cataclysms, including the recent French occupation of Frankfort only next door, the season at Baden-Baden promises to be prosperous. Naturally, the business crisis which has become chronic and universal affects this place also. Prices are nearly three times what they were last year. Pensions of the better class charge from fifty marks a day up. Good hotels charge from eighty to one hundred marks and the very best as much as two hundred marks. In middle class hotels no objection is raised to the prices demanded and the number of guests begging accommodation increases every day. Nowadays the permanent residents at Germany's great health resorts feel as much displeasure as they formerly felt pleasure at the arrival of guests. In fact their discontent has become so great that visitors to the City of Baden are permitted to remain only seven days.

The smaller towns — at least Baden-Baden — are more hospitable. So the famous old pleasure resort is gradually becoming crowded. Its clientele lacks the cosmopolitan quality of the old days of its pre-war glory, when it was a German Monte Carlo. Even the distinction given it during the war by the throngs of aristocrats and half aristocrats and automobile tourists and adventurers who crowded its accommodations during the racing season, is now absent. But these changes, according to recent accounts, have allowed the place to recover again its old traditional character and simple customs of a generation ago.

SPANISH COMPANY PROFITS

DURING the unprecedented prosperity of the war the industrial companies of Spain employed a considerable share of their profits to strengthen their reserves and increase their businesses. In many instances stock dividends of 100 and 200 per cent have been distributed among the shareholders since 1914. Dividing 131 of the principal companies into nine groups according to the business in which they are employed, *España Economica y Financiera* finds that 38 banks increased their dividends from 5.87 per cent in 1914 to 9.72 per cent in 1918. This group of corporations devoted the larger share of its profits to strengthening resources instead of to dividends.

Seven metallurgical companies, several of which have declared stock dividends, written off large sums for depreciation, and added to their plants from earnings, have increased their cash dividends from 4.87 to 14.45 per cent. Four distilleries doubled their dividends. Nineteen electrical companies increased their average dividends from 4.73 to 6.89 per cent. These companies have suffered in several instances by the increased cost of fuel. Very little can be inferred from mining dividends because some companies have been very prosperous, while others have suffered losses and even become insolvent. In general metal mining has yielded heavy profits.

Six sugar companies increased their average dividends from 6.33 to 25.55 per cent. These are the most prosperous enterprises in Spain, with the exception of shipping companies. Ten of the latter raised their average dividend from 8.60 per cent to the remarkable figure of 134.60 per cent. In addition there have been heavy increases in capital, so that the real earnings have been even higher than these figures would indicate.

In sharp contrast with the shipping companies, the dividends of the Spanish railways fell from 3.69 to 3.62 per cent. Their rates have not kept pace with the rise of salaries and the increasing cost of materials.

THE wasteful expenditure of money in the reconstruction areas of Northern France threatens to create a new source of controversy between that country and Germany. *Vorwärts* comments as follows upon this situation:

> In fact we are presented with a scandal which threatens to become of enormous proportions, if the German Government does not make timely protest. Billions upon billions are at stake. It is none of our business how France rebuilds its ruined areas. However, we should not leave that country or the Reparation Commission in doubt for a single moment that, while Germany is obligated to pay the expense of reconstruction, it is in no way bound to fill the pockets of the capitalist hyenas who have been turned loose in that unhappy region.

[*Land and Water* (Popular Liberal Weekly), *May 6*]

BETHLEHEM UNDER THE BRITISH

BY CLAIR PRICE

BETHLEHEM is still occupied enemy territory. The white, limestone town in Palestine, which is holy to half a billion Christians, is passing its fifth consecutive war-year without pilgrims. Formerly, the slopes of Kharrubeh, under the fortress wall of the Church of the Holy Nativity, glittered nightly with the campfires of hundreds of Russians. But Turkey's entry into the war in 1914 put such a sudden end to the pilgrimages of the Russians that a few of them are still stranded in Bethlehem. The Crescent and Star, with which Selim the Grim hewed his way into Palestine in 1518, was hauled down from the Turkish *serai* in Bethlehem when the British army occupied it in 1917. Pending the dictation of peace to Turkey, Bethlehem is administered by the British army, and no civilian is permitted to enter it without British military permission.

Before the war Palestine was a noisome, sealed-up Turkish place, off the trade routes, difficult to get at and more difficult to get about in after one got there. Two military secrets, however, were revealed when the armistice with Turkey was proclaimed in 1918. One was the completion by the British army of the Palestine Military Railway. The other was the completion by the enemy of the stupendous Taurus tunnels in the *Chemin de Fer Impérial Ottoman de Bagdad*. Taken together, these two projects have opened new windows and doorways into Palestine, so that the winds of the world may blow through and anybody who has the railway fare may walk in and see for himself. After the Turkish settlement has put an end to martial law in Bethlehem, it will not be necessary to take one's chances on the Jaffa landing. A few years more, and one will be able to book direct from the *Gare de l'Est* in Paris to *Bab el Hadid* in Cairo, with a stop-over at Ludd for Bethlehem. By the old sea route Bethlehem was 3500 miles from Havre. By the new rail route it is 2100 miles from Paris.

The first civilians to reach Bethlehem after the Turkish peace is signed will see a single line of old Turkish trench zigzagging like a white hair across the far side of the Rahib Valley to the south. They will see plenty of British soldiers, whose prospect of demobilization is remote, and little groups of British officers on leave, guided by the same dragomans who three years ago were guiding German officers on leave to Bethlehem. They will find three soldiers' restaurants, whose owners are Syrian and whose cooking is degraded British, consisting in the main of tea, hard-boiled eggs, and European bread. And if they have not visited Bethlehem before, it may not occur to them how miraculously the place has been scrubbed and scoured and whitewashed.

Outside of these things they will find no trace of the war in Bethlehem. The ancient, rock-hewn cistern known throughout the world as David's Well, and the small, domed, Moslem burying place known as Rachel's Tomb,

appeared in 1919 exactly as they appeared when the last of the tourists fingered the last of the Baedekers before them in 1914. The Church of the Holy Nativity stands at the eastern end of the town as stark and whitish-gray as it stood before it witnessed the most important event in its 1500 years of life — the powerful impact of the West on the Ottoman Empire. The sound of expiring empires comes dim with distance into the gold-and-jeweled silence inside the Church of the Holy Nativity.

Bethlehem is a Christian town. It is the most Christian town in Southern Palestine. In a country inhabited by 512,000 Moslems, 66,000 Jews, and 61,000 Christians, Bethlehem's population consists of 7000 Christians and a remnant of Moslems, whose number does not exceed 500. Just now a third element has been added to its population. I climbed back and forth through its steep, narrow, slippery streets for an hour without seeing any of those meek, fur-hatted figures one passes so continually in the Jaffa road at Jerusalem. Then I stopped a random British soldier.

'I see no Jews here,' I said.

'No, sir.'

'Are there any Jews in Bethlehem?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How many?'

'One, sir.'

'How long has he been here?'

'Three weeks, sir.'

He is a doctor, with the six-pointed star of Zionism on his khaki sleeve, who was brought to Bethlehem by the Deputy Military Governor. Bethlehem and Nazareth heretofore have not admitted Jews to their populations.

In a quarrel over a new tax levy the Christians of Bethlehem drove the Moslems out in 1831. In revenge for the murder of a favorite, Ibrahim Pasha destroyed the Moslem quarter in 1834, since which time Bethlehem has been pugnaciously Christian. If Hebron has been known as a fanatical Moslem town, Bethlehem has been known as an equally fanatical Christian town. Despite the fact that Bethlehem is important to Jews and to Moslems as the birthplace of David, its Christians have refused to tolerate Jews, and Moslems have lived there on sufferance. The Christians of Bethlehem have quarreled repeatedly with the Moslems of Hebron. Long after the Turks conquered Jerusalem, Bethlehem fought them. Even in recent years no Turkish official in uniform entered Bethlehem except under a Turkish guard.

To Bethlehem, British military occupation has meant the final cancellation of Moslem sovereignty and the arrival of that long-awaited day when the Christians, under the *ægis* of 'the Powers of Europe,' would at last balance up a number of long-standing accounts with the Moslems of Hebron and the Bedouin. To the British, Bethlehem has been quite as ticklish a job as uneasy Islam; for Allah help the Faithful if the Christians are ever loosed!

Being Christian, Bethlehem is a very hive of industry. Generally speaking, Islam holds itself aloof from the trade scramble and sucks its living from its infidel communities, in return for the boon of life which their Western consuls gouged out of the Sultan for them. The Christians, on the other hand, have been compelled to develop a perfect genius for money. They are breeders of live stock and growers of wheat, barley, olives, figs, and vines; before the wines of Richon le Zion came on to the Palestine market the wines of Bethlehem were widely known. They are mechanics, carpenters, masons, and weavers. I have seen them reach Jerusalem early in the morning,

after walking up from Bethlehem, and I have seen them tramping stolidly out of the Jaffa Gate at night to walk back to Bethlehem, with a cold rain scudding from behind the Mount of Olives. I have seen them do it day after day, men and women alike, while the millions of money which poured into Jerusalem annually to keep candles burning enabled nine tenths of that city's population to live in habitual, parasitic idleness. The very name Bethlehem reveals the local reputation of the place. *Beit lahm* is good Arabic for 'house of bread.'

Hundreds of them have emigrated, consigning themselves from Jaffa to a Marseilles steerage agent with no notion of their ultimate destination. They can be found peddling lace anywhere from Hayti to the Argentine. Out of an arm basket and a five-peso credit they create bank accounts and fine stores. They emigrate as peasants in a fez and skirt; ten years later they show up in Bethlehem in a hat and trousers, and their former neighbors, who come in fezzes and skirts to borrow money from them, address them as *effendi*.

I stood one morning recently in an upstairs window of the old Turkish *serai*, which overlooks the quiet, colorful hubbub of the market place. It was Sunday morning and the market place was vivid with the broad warmth, the white glare, and the poppy colors of Palestine. Little groups squatted on the pavements, with their skins of sour milk, their sheets of native bread, and their panniers of lambs' tails on the flagstones before them. Goats and fat-tailed sheep, herded together by Bedouin shepherds, lay along the edges of the spacious scene. Far over to the left, in the shade cast by the lofty wall of the Church of the Holy Nativity, camels lay chewing their cuds, their legs folded up beneath them like a jackknife, their bells breaking into a heavy tinkle as they gulped. Through the squatting groups and the herds the unveiled women of Bethlehem moved about their morning's marketing; their embroidered waists and their tall, peaked head-dresses of white and green — the same head-dress that the returning Crusaders brought back to their ladies of the Middle Ages — make the women of Bethlehem instantly recognizable anywhere in Palestine; before the war, a row of gold Napoleons with a throat-latch of silver coins was a part of their head-dress, but Turkish paper money drove currency into hiding and starvation later sucked it out of hiding and out of the country. Bedouin women, with tattooed faces, walked noiselessly about on naked feet, holding their handkerchiefs to their mouths. Donkeys and milch goats pattered through the crowd. A Bedouin sheikh, with a walking stick, dug his fingers thoughtfully into the haunches of a sheep and passed on with the flap of slippers. An *effendi* in European dress and a fez, with an umbrella in one hand and a chaplet of beads in the other, passed with a bearded Greek *papa* whose long hair was frizzled into a small knot at the back of his neck, just below his tall black hat. All of them were speaking Arabic and trading in Egyptian piastres. In all the spacious, crowded market place the only sign of a Western civilization was an originally field-gray Benz car, waiting down in front of the *serai*, with layers of white limestone dust that almost obscured the black German eagle on its tonneau door, and with a chauffeur in British khaki smoking a cigarette in the driver's seat. The East and the West are still as far apart as Bethlehem, Palestine, and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Beside me in the *serai* window stood the Deputy Military Governor in

charge of the Bethlehem District. 'What are you doing to Bethlehem?' I asked. 'In theory,' he said, 'I am continuing the old Turkish civil administration which disappeared when the Turk evacuated. Bethlehem is under martial law now exactly as it was the day we occupied it, and it will continue to be until the state of war in the Ottoman Empire is ended and a permanent civil authority is designated for Palestine. When we occupied Bethlehem it was in a filthy condition. It looked empty at first. For several days the natives hid themselves; the Turk had told them before he left that his evacuation was temporary, and that he would come back in three weeks and give every native who had communicated with the British during his absence a public hanging. When they did come out of hiding we found only the remnants of Bethlehem's normal population. Locusts, typhus, and Turkish paper money had thinned them down frightfully, and there were Turkish deserters, orphans, and starvation all over the place.

'By this time all of that has been done away with. There is plenty of food in the town, and the streets are as clean as you could wish. Even the street dogs have been destroyed.

'Under my supervision the natives have done most of it themselves. As long as the Turk was here the Bethlehem emigrants in South America had no means of knowing what conditions were like here at home; the Turkish military censor passed no news of actual conditions in Bethlehem. But as soon as the Turk evacuated and the Turkish censorship was lifted the emigrants were informed and began sending money home in amounts which rose to $12,500 a month. To administer these sums most economically and effectively, I permitted the townspeople on March 4, 1918, to organize the Bethlehem Charity Commission. They chose Khalil Effendi Decaret for their president, and, under my supervision, they did excellent work in applying medical and food relief. I have also permitted them to form their own town organization, with Sali Effendi Hakaman as president or mayor. Sali Effendi is himself a type of the returned emigrant.

'I am flooded with applications for permission to build. The Turk permitted no civilian building construction here after the war began, and the result is that everybody wants to repair his house or put up a new house at once. In some cases the permissions sought are of such obvious urgency that I have granted them, and the construction is proceeding under close supervision, which has for its purpose the preservation of the architectural harmony of Bethlehem. When the permanent civilian authority moves in, it may do what it pleases about the issue of building permits, but as long as I am here there will be no red tile roofs or modern windows or any other Western atrocities in Bethlehem.'

From the *serai* I walked to the east end of the long market place, where the Church of the Holy Nativity rears its fortress wall at the extreme eastern end of Bethlehem. Its exterior is severe and mediævally military. It is an instant reminder of Crusaders' tales. It was built to stand sieges, and its single doorway is so small that one has to stoop to enter it.

At the edge of the quiet, colored hubbub of the market place a number of British soldiers lolled in the shade cast by the massive church wall. A native lad in cast-off British khaki stood up from among them at sight of the *khowajah*, and preceded me toward the small doorway in hope of *baksheesh*, taking a greasy stump of candle from his pocket as we stooped to pass within.

Services are held in the church by the clergy of the Greek Orthodox community, which numbers about half of Bethlehem's 7000 Christians, by the Roman Catholic clergy, and by the clergy of the slight Armenian community. In each community is vested the right to the exclusive use of certain churches, chapels, and altars, and, in addition, the rights of ingress and egress through certain common ways in the group of buildings which make up the great church. These rights are laid down with meticulous exactness, and since, under the Turkish régime, there was no disinterested authority at hand to interpret and apply the vast body of accumulated precedent which prescribes these rights, it was left to each of the three communities to define and defend its own rights. Before the war, the title to the property was vested in the Sultan, and the rights of each community were vaguely confirmed by annual firman of the Sultan. The Sultan's government in Palestine was good, as Eastern governments go, and in all matters not affecting the collection of taxes or the keeping open of the trade routes it left its subjects to govern themselves. It did nothing to relieve the constant tension which kept each of the three communities at the church continually on the defensive, except to station Turkish soldiers at certain points inside the church buildings to keep the tension from snapping into bloodshed.

The small, outer door of the church ushers one into the nave, which, since it does not belong to any one community, but is used in common by all three communities, is as stark and forbidding as the exterior of the church. Its double rows of yellow pillars and its lofty roof are the gifts of long-forgotten kings and emperors. Its light is dim and its air is faintly pungent with incense.

From the nave one enters the Roman Catholic Church, glittering with hanging lamps, quaintly brilliant with sacred pictures, and heavy with the gold-and-jeweled insignia of Eastern ecclesiasticism. It is here on Christmas Eve that the Roman community observes its Christmas Day, December 25, just as the Orthodox community observes its Nativity Day on January 7 and the Armenian community its Baptism Day on January 19. In normal times the church is filled all the week with a curious, festival crowd of devotees, vergers selling candles, rosaries, and *objets de piété*, and strolling, staring, commenting curiosity seekers, guided by their dragomans and indifferent to the Masses being said at the various altars. The service begins at 10.30 o'clock on Christmas Eve and lasts until 2.30 A.M. The gorgeous drill, display, and repetitions, the marching and counter-marching of acolytes gleaming in purple and gold and floating in snowy vestments, the changing of the Bishop's gowns, slippers, gloves, and caps, the unending intonations of four readers droning the four Gospels in Latin for two hours — the accumulated ritual of fifteen centuries makes up this marvelous Christmas service. At midnight, an organ lullaby preludes the sudden folding back of a curtain above the altar, revealing a manger-cradle containing the symbolic doll, at sight of which organ and choir burst into a magnificent *Gloria in Excelsis*. Thereafter the stately processional of priests and acolytes, swinging censers and chanting, moves continually back and forth through the aisles and up to the High Altar, the audience sinking to its knees as the Bishop advances with the *bambino* in cambric and lace nestled in his arms.

Some twenty feet below the floor level of the Church of the Holy Nativity is a chain of caves, whose walls

are the living limestone, and whose connection is made by winding subterranean passageways hewn out of the living rock and barely big enough to stoop through. These caves include the Abode and Tomb of St. Jerome, the Chapel of St. Catherine, the Chapel of the Innocents slaughtered by Herod, and Empress Helena's cave, now called the Chapel of the Nativity and revered as Bethlehem's Holy of Holies.

It is dimly lit with hanging lamps, whose smoke has blackened its low stone roof with the accumulated soot of centuries. Its floor is encased with worn marble, and its walls are hung with unlit lamps, figures of saints, and woven silk hangings of silver, blue, and dark red — the gifts of penitent emperors. A first glance reveals a statue standing dimly against the dark hangings; opposite, a gilded railing fronting the lace-covered manger; nearer, the altar on which the Wise Men laid their frankincense and myrrh. Close at hand, two figures kneel silently before the Star, where millions of Russian pilgrims have knelt with dropping tears.

A second glance, after one's eyes have adjusted themselves to the dimness, reveals the statue standing dimly against the dark hangings as a British soldier, standing where a Turkish soldier formerly stood, and the gleam against the hangings beside him is the gleam of his fixed bayonet. Of the two figures kneeling before the Star, one is a British officer on leave, who at the moment is whispering to the dragoman beside him the amount of time exposure at which he proposes to set his Kodak. Before the two of them burn the six lamps of the Orthodox, the five lamps of the Armenians, and the four lamps of the Romans, which have burned for centuries above the Star. In the dull light they shed, the Star itself appears exactly as it appeared in 1847, when the proposal to add a second star, bearing the arms of France, brought about the Crimean War. It is a silver star, let into the marble pavement and partially encircled by the words: '*1717 Hic de Virgine Maria Iesus Christus natus est. . . .*'

[*Journal de Genève* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), *May 2, 3*]

AN INTIMIDATED BOURGEOISIE

BY P. H. AUBERT

BEFORE the war Germany was the country *par excellence* of order and discipline. Since its defeat it has become a dangerous neighbor for Switzerland, because of its disorder and lack of discipline. A few days' journey in Wurtemberg, now one of the more law-abiding regions of the former Empire, will impress this fact upon any traveler who allows his vision to range beyond the lobbies of the fashionable hotels, the expensive restaurants, and the best railway accommodations which the country still affords.

Everyone knows that one of the principal features of Lenin's tactics is to create a 'revolutionary situation' by disorganizing economic life. His

party has learned this lesson thoroughly from previous revolutions. Now the economic life of every country in Europe is disorganized in various degrees. The condition of exchange is one of the significant barometers of that condition. Between now and next autumn's harvest the food situation will grow more acute. Of all the great countries which border on our republic, Germany is certainly the most seriously affected. Though the restaurants in some instances provide a better bill of fare than in the autumn of 1918, prices have more than correspondingly advanced. Fats are still very scarce and the food value of the menu is below standard. A family in comfortable circumstances, which observes the law, cannot satisfy its hunger. A few figures will demonstrate this. An egg costs 2.20 marks; a loaf of inferior black bread costs two marks a kilo. After May 1, prices were raised to such an extent that the trade unions announced that they must have their wages doubled. These wages were already four and five marks an hour. A French traveler with me complained that he was charged five marks for preparing an omelette for which he supplied both the eggs and the butter. Everything is rising — shoes, clothing, street car fares, and the rest. A Swiss journeying in that country after converting his money into marks has the novel sensation of possessing vast wealth and being able to scatter about carelessly the great bundles of bank notes which burden his pockets.

The purchasing power of the mark is greater in Germany than abroad. But this abnormal condition, which applies equally to French money in France, is itself an indication of our economic chaos. Prices are nominally three or four times higher than in Switzerland; but the mark is worth only one tenth of our franc. A Swiss traveling in Germany spends only a half or a third what he would at home. But he soon loses his plump cheeks and ruddy complexion.

Insufficient food, the appalling depreciation of the mark, lack of raw materials, which are the lifeblood of that immense industrial organism which we call Germany, are the symptoms and evidence of this disorganization. When we add that German morals are fully as debased as German money, we come speedily to the conviction that across our Rhine frontier there exists a 'revolutionary situation,' such as Lenin dreams of producing throughout the entire world.

The bourgeoisie is possessed by a pessimism bordering on despair. It watches the steady irresistible progress of events toward a red terror. Fathers already tremble when they think of the future of their wives and children. The government makes daily concessions to the importunate demands of the workingmen and prints more bank notes. The number of extremists among the Socialists has quadrupled within a year. Now the government is being forced to disarm and dissolve the Home Guard, which is the only pillar of confidence, cohesion, and order which still remains. It is the sole body prepared to keep the most necessary public services going in case of a general strike. So the people of the middle class reflect hopelessly that the Entente desires to strip them of their all and to leave them a prey to Bolshevism.

Undoubtedly they overlook the fact that Germany's failure to comply with vital clauses of the Peace Treaty, such, for example, as the delivery of its artillery and aeroplanes, is the principal reason for the implacable attitude of the Allies. At the same time, we must recognize the brutal truth that

to disarm the Home Guard exposes Germany, together with Switzerland and Western Europe, to a Bolshevist conquest.

One often hears the remark: 'Germany will never turn Bolshevist. The spirit of order is too deeply ingrained in the people.' The same observers will then proceed to remark, 'Germany is obedient only to force.' People who talk this way and who contradict themselves this way, have not studied Germany on the ground since the armistice; otherwise they would understand that the old sentiment of order and discipline has disappeared. They overlook the fact that dictatorship of the proletariat has existed for a period even in the capital of Catholic and peasant Bavaria. They fail to see the vital truth that Germany never possessed an inborn spirit of order, but that this spirit was drilled into it by a powerful government which gave the people no opportunity to leave the narrow path traced for them by exacting political masters who tried to regulate minutely every detail of their lives.

Germany is obedient only to force. Well and good. Is not Bolshevism a reign of force? Germany will obey it as it obeyed its Kaiser. Already the alliance of the Extreme Radicals with the Nationalists and Pan-Germans, exasperated by their recent defeat, is an accomplished fact in Prussia. Bolshevism was able to win over to its purposes the Russian officers of the old régime. In Switzerland, our military Conservatives allied themselves with the most violent Socialists in their campaign against the League of Nations. Extremes touch. Why will this not be true in Germany? So it is a very dangerous illusion to refuse to see the possibility of a Bolshevist victory in our great Northern neighbor. Minds are so confused, customs and habits of thought are so demoralized, that people are ready to grasp any plank which promises safety. That same debasement of morale which the allied military missions observed in Berlin late in 1918, is again in evidence under the impending threat of Spartacan domination and the obligation to disarm *vis-à-vis* the Reds. The bourgeoisie of Germany now waits in apathetic resignation for the catastrophe which it believes impending. Its members try to think no further ahead than the morrow, grateful if they may ultimately say, when the reign of terror they anticipate has passed: 'I survived.' A superficial observer may object that life is not as sombre as this in the theatres and restaurants, that the visitor still sees flowers in the parks and the show windows of the florists, that there is evidence of considerable luxury in spite of the frightful depreciation of the mark. But these are dangerous symptoms. To-morrow may come the deluge. That is why men are spending all they earn and throwing themselves headlong into the pleasures they can still pursue.

Lenin is not idle. His emissaries and his money are everywhere. They no longer encounter the obstacles presented by a middle class, satisfied with its fortunes and springing to their defense. Public officials, professors, petty merchants, pensioners, all these people are hungry. They are living precariously; they cannot make both ends meet and they are imperceptibly gliding into revolution themselves.

The sharpers and the war profiteers are reveling in their new fortunes. They buy the rarest dishes that the season affords in the restaurants and eat their fill, because illegal trade continues in spite of the most draconic laws. Workingmen and the new proletariat of brain-workers find this an

added incentive to revolt. They lend a ready ear to the tales brought back by prisoners from Russia, who tell them that the Red army is living in abundance. Those who come back starving from Russia keep their own counsel, and the German proletariat, naïve, ignorant, rebellious, honestly believes that the Soviet Republic has the best government in the world. Others hope that a Bolshevist revolution will open for them a new and grand career, or afford them an opportunity to satisfy a brute desire for luxuries, for the wines of the Rhineland, for rich food, and for silk stockings for their ladies.

The Home Guard is recruited among the supporters of law and order, and consists mostly of volunteers. It is a body of local citizens authorized by the government and provided with arms whenever called into service. Its members are not required to take regular military drill even for a short period each year. While the members constitute an armed force, they are not in reality a military force.

Now, the Entente demands the surrender of all the arms allotted to the Home Guard; and the dissolution of these organizations will follow automatically. In Wurtemberg the people insist that this policy is tantamount to delivering them into the hands of the revolutionists. I have already mentioned the agony of mind which possesses respectable citizens on this account. Let us now see what the consequences may be for Europe at large.

Every factory and shop in Germany has become a Spartacan barracks, a fortress of the Communists and Independents, where the garrison can at any time seize its officers — the managers or superintendents who no longer have a force outside the factories to which they can appeal. So the Red army is already stationed at the strategic points which it wishes to seize. It is organized. It has its leaders. Most of them are non-commissioned officers who have won their rank on the field of battle. They have arms, rifles, machine guns, hand grenades, munitions. These are concealed in secure places. The Entente might as well dismiss at the outset any hope of getting possession of these arms. The enemies of the government are able to disarm the guardians of law; for they will obey orders even though their hearts are torn with despair and agony. They are amenable to the commands of authority. But the allied governments and the home governments are quite powerless to discover and seize hundreds and thousands of weapons in the great industrial centres, where they are hidden in cellars and attics throughout an immense territory guarded by people who have no respect for law, authority, or government, and whose sole purpose is to defy and destroy them. It would take hundreds of thousands of men and months of search to get possession of these arms. It is mere sport for the working people to play hide and seek with regular troops thus engaged, unless the latter are numerous enough to occupy simultaneously practically every doorway and window in a great industrial city. So we see a vast army, organized to defy the Entente. The arms-hiders will have the aid of regular officers embittered by their defeat. How will the Entente carry out its purpose? It has already proved its feebleness against Russia. This proletarian army will be rigidly disciplined and it will be inspired by the solidarity of terrorism, the solidarity of Danton, Robespierre, and Trotzky.

Three months of famine are at the gate. The 'revolutionary situation' is becoming each day better defined and more acute. Hardly a worse moment could be selected for depriving the

forces of law and order of the means of self-defense. The Extremists are merely waiting for that moment to seize the factories. Just as soon as your Home Guard is abolished, the regular police will be helpless to resist a violent revolt. There are not more than one or two policemen for a thousand inhabitants. Germany is not like France, a country where the industrial sections are centralized in one geographic district, or in a few cities which can be blockaded and starved out. In Germany there are factories everywhere. They are strung along the river courses, one every few miles. It is like the district of St. Etienne and St. Chamond. The National Guard, as distinct from the Home Guard, might defend a few centres. But what can an army of a hundred thousand men accomplish in a country of sixty million people? It amounts to about as much as a brigade of infantry for entire Switzerland entrusted with the protection of all our factories, all our railways, all our public edifices. It is like having sixty-six thousand men for all France! And if, unfortunately, the Spartacan revolution in Germany should be planned simultaneously with a great counter-attack of the Russian Bolsheviki upon Poland and its other Eastern neighbors, the National Guard would speedily be summoned to defend Germany's Eastern frontier.

Let the Home Guard be dissolved — the only body numerous enough to intimidate the revolutionary leaders — and the proletariat will speedily install a political dictatorship; the workmen will seize control of the factories, the only property left in Germany for paying its debts. Its machinery, its labor, its engineers, its business men, will be destroyed or dispersed. We shall have in their place universal misery among the common people and insolent luxury among the new despots. Is such a Germany going to reconstruct the unhappy, devastated regions of France?

It would seem as though ordinary common sense would bring the Allies to a pause, and overbalance the distrust they may retain from their previous knowledge of German propaganda. It seems as though the blindest ought to recognize that the Entente itself will be drawn into the abyss of Germany's ruins, unless it takes in hand directly the maintenance of order in that country. But can it undertake that task? Has it calculated the military and financial cost? Would it succeed? We may doubt it. To occupy Frankfort and the Ruhr is mere child's play compared with occupying Berlin, Dresden, Leipzic, Munich, Stuttgart, and hundreds of other great industrial centres. When dealing with a government recognizing its responsibility to the nation over which it rules, partial occupation is an adequate means of pressure, for every effort will be made to relieve the country of that burden. But such scruples would weigh nothing whatever with a Bolshevist Government, which attaches no weight to diplomatic immunity or international law. It would be necessary to have soldiers at every crossroads and to keep them there indefinitely. A Bolshevist Government would pay no attention to a blockade. We see this in Russia. Such measures are quite futile against that kind of revolution.

Furthermore, how would one proceed to make a Bolshevized nation work, even assuming that it proved practicable to occupy the whole country? Would not the Bolsheviki spread their doctrine among the occupying troops? This is what happened with the German forces in Russia, for Bolshevism is a disease not peculiar to the Slavs alone. Then again, how would you make the Bolsheviki labor? Com-

pel them by force? Have the Entente Governments figured up the cost and effort of such a policy?

Coming back home, what will happen to Switzerland if this tragic crisis arises? Is it not likely that we shall be flooded with thousands and hundreds of thousands of exiles fleeing from the Bolshevist conflagration? Will not the Bolshevist infection spread among our own countrymen?

Have all these possibilities been weighed in demanding the abolition of the Home Guard? Is the Entente prepared to furnish a substitute and itself protect Germany against the assault of the vast hosts, guided by Germanic zealots of the Lenin and Trotzky type? The Entente's own security is at stake. At a time when civic unions are being formed in France because the people fear a Bolshevist peril in their own home, that country is proposing to deliver its neighboring lands to that same enemy. It would seem as though good sense and the simple instinct of self-preservation would counsel greater prudence.

Europe cannot maintain two great Bolshevist Empires. It is already suffering from want because the Russian granary is locked. It needs a prosperous and orderly Germany. It cannot endure permanent revolution there. It is a matter of recent memory that the revolutionary exiles in Switzerland caused such concern to the governments of the Great Powers that the latter brought every pressure to bear upon our little country to refuse them sanctuary. But what a trifling peril that was compared to the possibilities of a Russian-German Bolshevist sanctuary!

It is a matter of general complaint in Germany that the Entente missions, and in particular the French representatives upon them, will accept no testimony except that of the Independent Socialists. They make no effort to get the evidence of the majority Socialists or the bourgeois parties. They pay little attention to the protests of responsible merchants and manufacturers and professional men. If this contention is true, it perhaps explains the dense ignorance which seems to prevail in France concerning the true situation in Germany.

Is it likely that the Home Guard may in the future constitute a danger like that afforded by similar Prussian organizations in 1813? That is hard to say. What I wish to make plain is that in questions like these we ought not to be too much biased by history, but should keep our eyes fixed firmly upon the actual conditions now. The world to-day is not the world of Napoleon I. In any case, that peril is not immediate. Germany cannot resume a war to-day except on one condition — a union of its reactionary officers and Pan-Germans with Russian Bolsheviki. Is that what the Entente wants?

Modern warfare requires a vast number of powerful tools which cannot be provided in large quantities without the knowledge of other countries. Unless some unanticipated scientific discovery or invention is made in the future, no army will hereafter need to be feared unless it has at its disposal a multitude of cannon and ammunition and aeroplanes. A surprise attack is practically impossible. Here we have a guide to a solution of the problem in Germany. Let the Entente leave to the Home Guard its rifles and machine guns, subject to the condition that Germany deliver immediately the nineteen thousand cannon and the fifteen thousand aeroplanes it is supposed to have in its possession. Let this be done at once. It will remove an enormous peril from our horizon.

[*English Review* (Liberal Monthly), *May*]

CAPTAIN VON PAPEN'S DITTY BOX. II

BY 'IGNOTUS'

THE next correspondent to be dealt with is Privy Councilor Heinrich Albert, attached to the German Embassy in Washington.

A bosom friend of Von Papen's and Boy-Ed's, he seems to lack the incisive ruthlessness of the latter, for which he atones by considerably more subtlety.

He managed to stay in the States some time after his friends had left, the date of his return to Germany being about March, 1917, that is, about the time America entered the war.

It is flattering to observe his praise of our organization for combating enemy trade abroad, and instructive to contrast his definition of a truly neutral attitude with his two friends' nefarious activities, his own standpoint irresistibly recalling the story of the American who was 'so durned nootral he did n't care who whipped Germany.'

NEW YORK, *November 10, 1916*

The departure of the Deutschland gives me an opportunity of writing you; I would gladly have traveled by her myself, only there was no room, in view of the augmentation of the crew, and a supercargo was objected to.

A comparison of the German system of Embassy and Consulates being separated instead of the English system of the Consulates being subordinated to the Embassy works out very much to our detriment. The British have so far taken into account new needs and the change of conditions that they have provided the Ambassador here with a special adviser in the person of Sir Richard Crawford and a staff of competent officials.

Sir Richard Crawford deals with all war economic questions and directs the execution of all measures for combating German influence and business.

The control of English financial operations, the compilation of the Black List, and all the measures directed against Germany have been placed in his hands, and are consequently controlled from one central place, namely, the Embassy.

Unfortunately, on the German side we have nothing to match this. The German organization, on the contrary, has retained its former division of Embassy and Consulate, whose utility, even in times of peace, was not above suspicion.

The central point of interest now is naturally the outcome of the Presidential elections.

It is beyond question now that Wilson has a palpably independent position, freed as he is from the contemplation of his reëlection, but it is to be feared that, as formerly, he will never be able to dissociate himself from havering and half-decisions, and consequently his lack of understanding of Germany and his predilection for the Allies unfit him for a truly neutral attitude.

People even fear that Wilson, who is thought revengeful, will avenge himself for wide German-American circles having voted for Hughes.

In consequence of this, we expect a revival of the old legal actions and an investigation against Rintelen, as well as a clear-cut position on the submarine question.

As regards submarine war, I hope from the bottom of my heart that, on the German side, it will be kept within the limits of the public pronouncements, for a breach of them would not only destroy our reliability, and confidence in Germany for an indeterminable period, but I should cherish the gravest doubts about the development of German-American conditions.

A formal, inexcusable loss of life would, in my opinion, unavoidably lead to a breach of diplomatic relations, and the latter, in the event of a fresh loss of human life, to the entry of the United States on the side of the Allies.

Von Papen's reply is not forthcoming, and this particular correspondence seems to have languished and died, for the only other letter from Albert that appears in the file is the following:

BERLIN, *March 16, 1917.*

Many thanks for your kind words of greeting upon my return.

My impressions on arriving here are serious.

In my opinion the American affair has been wrongly handled, and even though we were accustomed to such a thing, the question seems to me now to have become almost one of existence; here I find but little comprehension, and the Count (Bernstorff) finds the same.

I should like to explain the affair to Hindenburg or Ludendorff, as I am of opinion that there is still a good deal to be done, and time presses

Can you do anything for me in this respect?

It will be noted that Von Papen's position is by this time considered strong enough to secure the writer an interview with the two men at that date about the most important and hardest-worked of all those controlling Germany's destinies.

The next to occupy attention is Count Bernstorff, formerly German Ambassador at Washington, and though the two following letters were actually written to Herr Von Bethmann-Hollweg, at that date Imperial German Chancellor of State, they were found in Von Papen's box, showing that he was being kept posted in the march of events, probably by the Count himself, with whom he maintained consistently friendly relations.

The first letter is as follows:

RYE. N. Y. STATE, *August 26, 1916.*

I have already notified Your Excellency that the War Intelligence Centre, New York, has been dissolved by order of the General Staff.

In return, doubts arose as to whether the Bureau of the military attachés should be carried on by Herr Von Igel and Herr Von Skal as arranged on the part of Herr Von Papen at his departure.

As you are aware, a lawsuit is still pending against Von Igel on account of his participation in the Welland Canal Expedition. Since, in regard to this, the Imperial Government has taken up the position that the person of Von Igel as a member of the Embassy and the papers found in his possession are unimpeachable, it is, in my opinion, out of the question to announce his dismissal from the Embassy.

Such a step would very much weaken our standpoint.

The connection in New York with the Irish-Indian revolutionaries has been maintained since the departure of Von Papen by Von Igel or Von Skal.

Herr Von Skal keeps in touch with the Irish, for which he is peculiarly fitted, owing to his wide acquaintance in these circles, and, as before, enjoys their confidence.

The second letter is dated from Rye about a week later and explains that one Tauscher was charged in June, 1916, with being concerned with Papen, Igel, and others in conspiring to prepare and equip a military expedition from the United States against the Welland Canal in Canada in order to destroy it or to damage it with bombs, dynamite, and other explosives.

Tauscher privately offered the Embassy to plead guilty to being in close touch with matters the whole time, thus hoping to divert attention from the other participants, but eventually pleaded 'Not guilty' and was acquitted.

The Ambassador then adds:

The case was heard during the week in which the American troops were ordered to the Mexican frontier and consequently received less notice in the press than would otherwise have been the case. We were very glad of this fact, as Herr Von Papen is very deeply compromised, since he is only supposed to occupy himself in carrying out orders received.

Tauscher having been introduced by Count Bernstorff, let him speak for himself.

He wrote Von Papen a letter of thanks on May 30, 1917, for having secured him the award of the Iron Cross (a very typical example of the deliberate affront to American feelings referred to in the anonymous letter already quoted), and again a fortnight later:

BERLIN, *June 16, 1917.*

I find it very touching that in the present eventful occurrences at the front you have found time to answer my letter. Since Wilson has declared a state of war, by which h e has certainly succeeded in his three chief aims:

(1) Participation in the peace negotiations,

(2) The creation of a great army and navy,

(3) The creation of a great mercantile fleet, the great thing for us now, above all, is to prevent an active participation in the war by America as far as possible on a *large* scale, and that can perhaps be attained, as you very correctly indicate, partly through passive, partly through active, political participation. Fortunately, the American nation lacks a strong spiritual motive for taking part in this war, for it will not, in the long run, fall in with Wilson's reasons in favor of it, on so-called humanitarian grounds and democratic principles.

As I know from a certain source, war enthusiasm in America is already deep-seated, and Wil-

son and the Anglo-American baiting press are therefore trying, by all sorts of lying methods, cunningly to goad on the tone against Germany (that is, the story of the shooting of an American woman as a spy, etc.).

These circles would be only too pleased to see us deliver them the material for whipping into flame public opinion against us, as in the case of the regrettable Mexican Note; but this must in any circumstances be avoided, and consequently a preliminary passive military attitude on our part toward America is emphatically indicated. There must therefore be no dispatch of U-boats to the American coast; nay, even if it be in any way militarily indicated, no torpedoing of the first small shipments of troops of the so-called Pershing Expedition.

On the other hand, we could contribute a good deal to the anti-war feeling in America by a dexterous effective political activity, as well as by increasing the ever-widening breach between Wilson and the American people.

Just as he tries, in complete lack of appreciation of the conditions in Germany, to create a rift between Kaiser and people, so we could do the same, by alluding, for instance, to the dilemma of his arguments in the Russian Note.

As to the best manner in which this could be done, I am discussing matters with the War Office and the Foreign Office, and will report to you in due course.

With all sympathy for the present controller of our foreign policy, I do not consider him to be the right man, as America will certainly not discuss peace with him, on account of the Mexican Note, if for no other reason.

It is interesting to observe here and in other letters how averse those Germans *au fait* with American conditions were to an extension of the ruthless U-boat war, and how consistently the advice of those who knew best was ignored by the men at the helm of the German state.

The next correspondent to adorn the tapis is the rather sinister figure of Herr C. Dumba, ex-Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the United States, who, occupying himself during a time of peace in enemy activities against the country to which he stood accredited, shared the same fate as Von Papen and Boy-Ed, being recalled by his country at America's request on account of his unambassadorial conduct.

He was a man of marked literary ability, which was the reason for Papen's letter reproduced below, one of the few instances in which he kept a draft:

IN THE FIELD, *December 7, 1916.*

MOST HONORED EXCELLENCY:

In the gray evenings of Artois, a remembrance of old times comes to light in the September number of *Fleischer's Review.*

I am glad to see from it that Your Excellency is working afresh and with activity, at the reorganization of problems touching us all. The matter of the article is a pleasure to everyone who, besides the cares of daily battles, occupies himself with the solution of fundamental questions, and I am specially pleased that the idea of a Maritime Association of Neutrals, under the leadership of the United States, will once again come under discussion.

The hypothesis appears to me more important than ever, the guiding principle being to avoid a break with the States on the U-boat question; that must be the principal political aim, in spite of the increased severity of submarine war.

As Your Excellency very rightly emphasizes, all the world's conditions trend to the safeguarding of free navigation in the future, and the Union will not be able to do without 'entanglements with foreign alliances' unless, owing to bad diplomacy, we disturb the self-developing picture with a rough hand.

In that respect, conditions have hardly altered since we parted; despite Bucharest, and established hopes of further happy operations in other theatres of war as well, maritime supremacy can only be effectually eliminated in the manner detailed, and this war thereby be brought to its real ultimate aim.

I believe it would be an immense test of merit, if, in following up this idea entirely, Your Excellency would again give expression to the preponderating importance of friendly relations with the States. You will wonder why a soldier who has been so long on the Somme occupies himself with matters other than the thought of how the British are to be beaten here in the West, but my war experiences have not been in any way able to alter my political fields of desire in this respect.

Rather the contrary!

I am, most honored Excellency,

Your devoted

FRANZ VON PAPEN.

This brought forth the following reply:

JOCKEY CLUB, VIENNA, *January 4, 1917.*

We are longing for peace, and all cling heart and soul to the hope that the year of peace has dawned. I am very flattered at your recognition of my efforts to clarify or at any rate to throw some light on the numerous problems which the World War is presenting.

Up till now, no one seems to have grappled with them seriously, and yet the questions will suddenly assume a stern reality.

The Swedish Minister-President, Hammerskiold, alone, a celebrated lawyer and arbiter at The Hague, has busied himself earnestly with the plan of convoying Swedish postal matter in Swedish warships to Kirkwall, and thence by American warships to New York, in order to escape the annoying search and seizure by the British.

It was only the anxiety and indecision of Wilson which baffled this good intention.

At the present moment we ought not to allow the peace offensive to become dormant, and we ought to strike while the iron is hot.

I am of opinion that we ought to announce throughout the world in definite official terms our very generous conditions regarding the restitution of Belgium and Northern France in exchange for the liberation of the African Colonies, and an extension of the latter. The cumulative force of this offer on the French and English peoples would be so great that the inclination for peace would be immensely strengthened thereby.

The effect on neutral countries also, such as North America, would be excellent: in the first instance, naturally, we want our peace offer to influence public opinion, which ought to exercise a constantly increasing pressure on the enemy governments.

This aim would best be served by a step in the above direction, and to this end I will try and spread propaganda through private channels as well as through the press, in the event of the Censor not seeing eye to eye with me.

Should I write an article for anything but the *German Revue* I will send you a copy.

The generous conditions outlined will no doubt raise a passing smile, as also his ingenious method of getting to windward of the Censor. America was at this time balancing on the lip of the war crater, and consequently a letter from Herr Koepke of the German Foreign Office, another of Von Papen's friends, is apposite.

It will be noticed that this gentleman, like Herr Dumba, believes in guiding discussions into 'sensible channels' by means of his pen, which almost looks as if the German, in his secret heart, and despite his love of the sword, believed the pen to be the mightier:

BERLIN, *January 5, 1917.*

I have taken over the newly-started *War Aims Review* and am fully occupied with its development.

Little though it looks like peace at the moment, the discussion of peace possibilities and war aims is brisk in all countries, and the task of the *Review* is to keep a permanent supervision of all these and, as far as possible, guide the ensuing discussions into sensible channels.

I personally am of the same opinion as before, that no juridical considerations will be able to prevent war with America if she does not think it impracticable on economic and political grounds. It were safer and better on all grounds, according to my view, if one were to keep in line and maintain peace with America, that is to say, drop at least all systematic intensification of a ruthless U-boat war.

As regards the foolish and impolitic bearing of our press against America, in spite of the censorship and all the modifications which war conditions preserve to the application of our laws, there is not much to be done against these attacks of journalistic delirium.

Meantime Von Papen's subterranean activities in Mexico had come to light, and, speaking quite dispassionately, it is doubtful whether any incident since the sinking of the Lusitania in April, 1915, inflamed opinion in America more than the disclosure of Germany's duplicity in her dealings with Mexico.

As illustrative of how deeply the German Foreign Office was involved the following letter has an interest all its own:

SECRET BERLIN, *March 11, 1917.*

GREATLY HONORED HERR VON PAPEN:

Although the Mexican affair has now been taken over by the Foreign Office for 'official' treatment, I still think it necessary to send Dieger to Mexico to send us accurate news of the real situation, especially as to which of the local despotic lords ought, in the first instance, to be supported. Furthermore, it appears to me to be

of the greatest value, in all respects, to arrange through Dieger for an independent and permanent news and financial connection.

Dieger moves over here in the next few days, and will be able to depart in from two to three weeks.

Herewith, as you desire, your military reports of the summer of 1914 on Mexico; please return them quickly.

(Signed) VON HULSEN.

P.S.— I beg you to destroy this letter after digesting it.

[*La Epoca* (Madrid Conservative Daily), *April 30*]

AMONG PARIS RADICALS

BY JUAN DE BECON

I HAVE just spent a couple of days in the agreeable companionship of several anarchists, investigating their theories and getting their views upon the future of Bolshevism, the result of the recent Socialist Congresses, and a number of other subjects of a similar character. The suburbs of Ménilmontant and the neighboring village of Clichy were my field of operation.

This scenario was in itself anything but cheerful — factories upon factories, dirty streets, dark little houses, mud everywhere, and throngs of working people who seemed almost of a different race from the typical Parisian. I arrived provided with a number of introductions to facilitate my work, and I had no difficulty in finding the first man whom I sought, a veteran Socialist, well known in Paris. Everybody in the neighborhood called him *Père Lapurge*.

He received me with open arms. After learning that I was a journalist and wished to ascertain first hand the facts about militant Socialism, he opened up without restraint and placed his opinions and his assistance at my service. I hope I may be excused if I repay his kindness by what may seem an unkind comment; but I was not able to overcome the unhappy impression which his shriveled, ugly person made upon my mind. He would have been an excellent subject for Lombroso, I thought to myself. In fact, I could not help recalling that Lombroso mentions the statement made to him by a judge — the distinguished advocate, Spingardi — who assured him several times that he had never seen an anarchist who was not a cripple or a dwarf, or at least facially unsymmetrical.

Le Père Lapurge manifested no diffidence in replying to my questions:

'Ah! the Socialists! They're only a joke, don't trouble about them. The Socialist party used to stand for something. It had some "pep" and "go," so long as it was a real revolutionary party, back in the good old days of the International. But its members to-day are politicians hunting for favors. What difference is there, for example, between Millerand who is now a cabinet minister, but used to be a Socialist, and all the rest of them, except that he happened to get office? There is no difference at all. They use Socialism as a platform from which to grasp personal success and that is all.'

'Nevertheless, they get many votes in France,' I suggested.

'That signifies nothing, nothing whatever. It is just the same with Combes, Briand, or Clemenceau. Politicians following their leaders and calling themselves Socialists for their private advantage. The masses are not behind them. What does it really mean, for example, when they proclaim a general strike in Amsterdam or refuse to proclaim one? Do you suppose that one of these politicians could do that whenever he wishes and whenever he wills?'

'So I understand you now place your faith entirely in the anarchists?'

'What else can I do? We are the heirs of Bakunin, who himself had to fight Marx and the rest of the men who wanted to corrupt the real soul of the International. That was a man for you! Why do not Socialists imitate his contempt for riches, renown, and glory? He was a Russian gentleman; he belonged to the most ancient nobility of the Empire. In spite of all that he was the greatest of revolutionists.'

Taking advantage of the frank disposition, voluble instructions, and good will of *Père Lapurge*, I spent two days more or less in his company and visited with him several anarchist centres. These were cafés and bars in Clichy and Ménilmontant, which today proclaim themselves without hesitation Bolshevist headquarters. At all these places my companion was a popular and beloved patron. He seemed to know personally all of his fellow believers.

My first observation was this. Among the diverse elements of the population who espouse revolutionary Socialism in Paris, whether we call them Anarchists, Libertarians, Bolsheviki, or any other name you please — for they are essentially the same in doctrine — there are two distinct groups. One is composed of real working people and the other of a class of which the public knows little if anything at all. It consists of students who never complete their courses and never study, of shop foremen, of discontented and undisciplined journalists, and of salaried employees — strange as it may appear! — from great financial firms, mercantile establishments, and industrial companies.

This second group is a mixed one of very uneven quality. It embraces some very bright men, together with ill-balanced and impetuous youths. Most of them are well read. They can repeat from memory Kroptokin and Jean Gravé.

They meet in these dark and often repellent quarters, imbibe alcoholic beverages, and play the part of propagandists among the first group, which, as I have said, is composed of workingmen.

In circulating through these barrooms and studying these intellectuals — God save the word! — in watching the throngs of working people pouring out of the great factories of Clichy, and in studying the physiognomy of the suspicious looking gentry mingled with these, there came back to my memory with startling distinctness those passages in Ferrero's *Social Reform*, in which he discusses in order and with admirable precision, the principal militant anarchists, beginning with the ferocious criminal type of Ravachol, and ending with the self-deluded, fanatical type of Caserio.

In any case, I must confess that I did not discover either in Clichy or Ménilmontant, that ideal type of classical anarchist painted with such vivid colors by the sympathetic Hamon in his famous *Psychology of Anarchy;* 'the man born a rebel, liberal, individualist, altruistic, logical, thirsting for justice, enterprising, and inspired by his mission.' No, of all these qualities which he enumerates, the only one which was ever in evidence was a universal spirit of rebellion. It was a purely negative impulse. It was implacable criticism of Marx. *Le Père Lapurge* was a typical example of all these enthusiasts.

When he reviewed the history of anarchism, or related dramatic incidents in its past, he was lifted to a state of mental exaltation. His lips trembled convulsively and his voice vibrated with emotion. In one of these moments of hysterical enthusiasm, he recounted to me the scene of Caserio before Judge Benoist, saying:

'He was a fanatic. When at the request of Benoist he reënacted the scene of the assault upon Carnot, his face became so livid, his eyes glared with such fury, his limbs became so tense and rigid, his movements had such nervous force, that the judge, startled and unaccustomed to such sights, ejaculated, "Enough! You are a monster." And Caserio replied in his jargon, half French, half Italian: "Oh! that is nothing. You now see me in court. Later you will see me on the guillotine. It is in that last scene that I shall star."'

When I suggested to *Père Lapurge*, in the most courteous way possible, that this incident and others which he recounted indicated a lack of human sentiment, he said: 'You are mistaken. No people are more tender-hearted than the anarchists who are loyal to their faith and their mission. Don't you know the case of the anarchist Stepniak? After having slaughtered one of the most hateful tyrants of Russia, he took advantage of the stupefaction of the multitude and jumped into a *troika* which was waiting in charge of a companion assigned to take him to safety. His friend, thinking that there was no time to lose, lashed the horse fiercely, whereupon Stepniak said to him: "Be gentler, don't hurt the animal. If you abuse the animal so, I'll get out and surrender to the police."'

My conversations with *Père Lapurge*, and my visits to the workingmen's quarters where anarchists congregated, has confirmed me in the belief that they will remain faithful to their organization and tactics regardless of the courses which militant revolutionists and Bolsheviki may adopt; they will follow consistently their old party tactics confirmed by the congresses they have held, particularly those at Bern and Chicago, and taught in their books and periodicals. New groups are born among them and pass away like wild weeds. Neighbors in the same street or the same suburb form a transient union. Their members are united by identity of tastes, beliefs, and aims; but in most cases they have no leader, no official organization, and no fixed place of meeting. The old anarchist newspapers have multiplied extraordinarily. These people now publish six dailies and an untold number of weeklies. The general character of their publications may be gathered from the following extract, which I copied from an issue of *La Revolucion Sociale*, which *Père Lapurge* showed me with the comment that it was his favorite journal:

> To-morrow when a conflagration devours your homes, when a bomb explosion hurls your limbs into the air, when you feel the cold steel entering your back, each one of you will say: 'I am the most guilty, I, the victim,' and no voice will be raised in pity for you. Meantime, we shall continue to assassinate proprietors and employers, priests and generals, statesmen and deputies, kings and presidents.

After having read an abundance of this sweet and suave literature, I remarked to my acquaintance: 'These threats and this incendiary style do not harmonize with the classical writings of Reclus.' Whereupon my companion replied: 'Ah! Reclus was an unrivaled master of anarchist doctrine, but he erred in questions of tactics. In order to accomplish anything we must have a propaganda of action. Reclus would be a man to listen to were we already enjoying complete anarchy. But in order to attain anarchy, we must first read what the other books tell us.'

Accompanying the word with the action he showed me the last edition of the *Revolutionary Catechism* of Bakunin, which had just arrived from London where it was printed. It con-

tains among other things selected receipts for manufacturing bombs and devotes a chapter to what it calls revolutionary tactics. Speaking of tactics, I asked *Père Lapurge:* 'If you had to take your choice, would you prefer German Socialism or French Socialism?' 'Neither of them,' he answered. 'I rather like the old doctrines of Bebel, especially what he wrote about women, but both schools of Socialism are hemmed in by the present social order and their tactics are not well-advised. Our main hope to-day rests in the Russian revolution. Lenin seems entitled to be our apostle.'

But *Père Lapurge*, who at the outset received me as I said cordially and frankly, later became distrustful. During our third or fourth interview, he interrupted a conversation to ask me pointedly and directly: 'Are you a police agent instead of a journalist? It does not matter to me,' he added, without leaving me time to reply, 'because we are accustomed to such incidents and, moreover, since we are not conspirators and have no organization, there is nothing to be found out. On the other hand, I have nothing to conceal. I know the police only too well. I have written many articles for our party periodicals and do not attempt to deny that I am a revolutionist. That has got me into prison several times. I'd spend a few days there and then be on the streets again.'

I finally dissuaded him from his suspicions, whereupon, without leaving that train of thought, he continued: 'We are on the eve of the first of May and the police always get busy about that time. Just as if that did any good!' Then pausing a moment he added, as if thinking aloud: 'What will happen this year? No one knows, not even the people who are organizing the great revolutionary demonstration. The government will fill Paris with soldiers and machine guns. Let us see what happens.'

Then, changing his manner, and concluding our conversation, he said: 'Many of the Socialists who are nominally organizing this demonstration are afraid of their own work. The situation is not yet ripe. We shall have to wait a while.'

[*Nord und Süd* (German Conservative Literary Monthly), *April*]

THE AMERICAN CRISIS

BY G. BUETZ

For several months serious discontent has existed among the submerged masses of the United States, which has manifested itself in bitter strikes. These occurrences have caused people in Germany as well as in America to talk of the spread of Bolshevism there. Although ideas kindred to Bolshevism are finding followers in every country, and consequently even in the United States, it betrays total misunderstanding of American conditions to identify these disorders, serious though they may be, with the existing revolutionary agitation in Europe.

We should first inquire whether the present troubles are due to an es-

sentially novel social programme. It was entirely new for Europe to break completely with the monarchical principle, as it survived in Russia and Germany. Naturally, there is no parallel for this in America. What new features then do characterize the programme of discontent in that country? Dramatic strikes? Strikes which imperil industry? The people of North America were familiar with these long before the war. They had experienced dramatic and economically perilous labor conflicts of the first magnitude, such as the Pittsburgh coal strike of 1879, the Homestead strike of 1892, the famous Pullman strike of 1894, and the Anthracite Miners' strike of 1902. America's present strike experience is not unique, except that sentiment is unusually bitter and a tendency is manifest to give questions of industrial control precedence over questions of wages. Earlier in the war, before we were aware that such a social disease as Bolshevism existed, the United States was threatened with an immense railway strike, which caused concern even in Europe.

Americans view with new uneasiness the struggles of their proletariat because they have become conscious of serious evils in their own society. It is not Bolshevism that is befuddling the brains of the working people. They are waking up to the fact that the freedom they enjoy in 'free America' is anything but freedom in fact. Labor leaders began their battle with traditional Americanism when they founded the Federation of Labor; and the movement has ripened until men now realize that an hour of reckoning is rapidly approaching for the North American type of freedom. It is the irony of fate that the masses have taken it into their heads thus to settle with the American democratic principle at the very moment when the governing class in America is trying to bestow upon Europe, and especially upon Germany, the blessings of that democracy. In order to comprehend the sentiment of the common people in the United States, we must try to understand the conditions under which they live.

We can summarize these conditions as follows: Inadequate provision for social welfare; inadequate legal protection; inadequate protection of wages; artificial prices for the necessaries of life; race antagonism; and lack of intellectual freedom.

Why and in what way are provisions for social welfare inadequate? Social welfare has hitherto been left mainly to paternal governments. Monarchies have recognized that it is their duty to protect the economically weaker classes. We find this principle established in the common law of Prussia as early as the seventeenth century. Countries which reject the patriarchal idea do so because they believe in freeing their people from guardianship. They emphasize the right to labor, the right to buy and sell labor freely, in short, the right to self-direction; while in old Europe, the paternal concern of the government for the welfare of its subjects is expressed in a class system, where every citizen finds himself attached to a particular group. In the United States, it has been the theory that each man had the democratic right to make a position for himself in any sphere of life, regardless of his personal status and his ancestry. This idea is expressed in the motto popular to-day: A free road for merit.

In practice, this unprotected theoretical freedom has developed into the opposite of freedom, and has added to the hardships of poverty. In a section of the United States where there are 30,000,000 people, 10,000,000 are regularly recipients of charity (*sic!*). This

poverty exists mainly in the great industrial centres. According to Hunter's calculations, some 6,500,000, or about 20 per cent of the population in the States of New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Connecticut, are below the poverty line. Taking an average for 10 years, the head of the New York State Department of Labor estimates that out of every 2,000,000 people, about 300,000 are normally unemployed. The factory employment of women and children has assumed enormous proportions. According to the census of 1900, there were 1,750,000 children between the ages of 10 and 15 engaged in gainful occupations. By 1906, this number had risen to 1,940,000. Industrial accidents are appallingly frequent. Roosevelt said in this connection: 'The toll of human life which the industries of the United States take in every year of peace exceeds the losses of a great war.' The New York Bureau of Labor gives the number of accidents in factories at 44 per thousand persons employed.

Equality before the law is a fundamental principle of every democracy. What is the situation here? In order to insure popular control of the courts, the Americans usually elect their judges and give them short terms. Since these officials are poorly paid, frightful corruption exists in the lower courts. Similar conditions characterize the police administration and municipal government in general. The way elections are conducted is indicated by the street-saying that the price of votes is $3.00 for an American, $2.50 for an Italian, and $2.00 for a negro. There is no other civilized country in the world where the poor man is so discriminated against in the courts and by public officials. The biased rulings of American tribunals, dictated by the moneyed interests, in cases involving labor unions, have become a world-wide scandal. Organized economic egoism does not tolerate equal justice.

At the time when the citizens of the United States were guaranteed equal right to labor, the Union was a country where labor was the scarcest of all the factors in production. To-day this condition has been completely reversed. There is no more government land to be had for the asking; certainly not for the poor man's asking. The cities are overcrowded; and a tendency is manifest everywhere to displace human labor by machinery. American industry hitherto has been characterized by the two facts that the country stood apart from the great current of world competition, and that it produced principally quantity goods. In making quantity goods human labor is relatively at a discount and machinery is the dominant and indispensable factor; the workingman cannot better his condition, because unskilled labor can displace him. Therefore, labor competition is almost unlimited. This form of production can select its own methods, because it is not exposed to such competition as we experience in Europe. The United States alone affords a tremendous market, with 90,000,000 consumers, living in a territory of over 3,000,000 square miles. Even though the United States may in time become more dependent on other countries, with the gradual exhaustion of its own raw materials and the resulting need of selling abroad in order to get those materials elsewhere, up to the present it still has such vast native resources, and it has systematized production so scientifically, that it will not fear competition as we do in Europe for a generation to come. The manner in which mechanical production of quantity goods supplants and degrades human labor is too well

known to require detailed demonstration. It makes unemployment chronic, and creates constant pressure to lower wages. Even though workers organize to protect their right to employment and to a living wage, they are too weak to measure themselves against capital without the backing of the government, which they have not hitherto enjoyed.

Even to-day the workingman in the United States has no guaranty that he will be justly rewarded for his services. Constantly succeeding economic crises are the relentless, ever-ready lash which stimulate his industry or chasten his revolt. There is no country in the world where the demand for labor varies so erratically as in the United States.

Labor unions have undoubtedly won important concessions from their employers. They have begun to exert an influence upon politics and have extorted beneficial laws from the government. More important than this, they have employed the strike to secure better wages and shorter hours. A beginning has been made of asserting labor rights and securing legal protection for the working classes. The working day has gradually been reduced from 13 and 14 hours to eight hours. But wage earners have not attained their foremost object, of raising their standard of living. The official wage investigations in the United States all agree in showing that shortly before the war wages were lower in proportion to the cost of living than at the beginning of the century. Another striking and unwholesome feature of the wage situation in the United States is the inequality of compensation for similar services. This inequality does not apply alone to the respective pay of women and men, but also to wages in different districts and for different people. The average pay for the same service varies as much as $2.00 and $3.00 a day. There is a great disparity between the rates in the North and in the South. The maximum in the former section before the war was about $8.50, while it was only one half that amount in the South. Labor is sufficiently mobile so that workers from low-wage sections constantly underbid workers whose wages are higher. So the fluctuation of wages in the same vicinity has become another evil.

As in other spheres of welfare legislation, Americans do not consider it the business of their government to limit the right of private employers to fix wages. Such a policy, however, ignores the fact that real freedom of contract does not exist. Concentration upon the manufacture of quantity goods by machinery, a surplus of workers seeking employment, a system which permits the use of unskilled labor, the constant fluctuation in the rate of pay in different states, the wage-cutting influx from the South, the absence of protective legislation, the high cost of living, and the discrimination against labor in the courts, prevent real freedom, and expose the workingman to unlimited exploitation.

The question is often asked why a country where raw materials and farm products abound — and in many instances exceed the demand — and where an enormous domestic market is protected from competition, should be likewise a land where the cost of living is excessive. To-day Europe is in the unhappy situation of paying prices as high as those which prevail in America. But that condition is abnormal with us; in America it is normal. This situation, so prejudicial to a rising standard of living, is caused by the capitalist organization prevailing in the United States. Great corporations and trusts hold a position in the political and economic life of America which

makes them practically governments with the government. These trusts, which bend the public authorities to their will, are guided by one fundamental principle — to produce cheaply and to sell dearly. The simultaneous application of these two principles creates a condition most oppressive for the working people. The principal factor in cheap production is cheap labor. Low wages, the employment of negroes and Orientals, using up the human machine with the least possible expense for replacement — these constitute the labor policy of cheap production. Selling at the highest possible price under the trust system artificially raises the workingman's cost of living. We must hold these facts clearly in mind, in order to understand the lack of freedom which characterizes industrial organization in America. Freedom is in fact merely apparent; for gigantic corporations control practically every source and process of production. Every radical reform recoils defeated before the power of the trusts. Since the government itself is composed of business men, the trusts are always able to find tools among them, or to bend those who seek to act independently to their will. Senator La Follette asserted even before the war that 90 men controlled all the great industries of the United States. This league of wealth is able to nullify that impulse to serve first and foremost the common weal which is the very soul of democracy. It has made a lie of free government.

Under such conditions it is not surprising that the masses are restless and are stirring with the purpose of converting this dead image of a democracy into a living thing. The effort to substitute truth for pretense is strengthened by the fact that the present occupant of the Presidential chair seems to have made it his task to disguise existing immorality with a fair garb of moral phrases. Preaching, which never results in practice, lip service to democracy, and partly-willing, partly-enforced, subserviency to the trusts, account for that lack of consistency, that obvious internal contradiction and chaos, which so obviously characterizes American national economy. The most ignorant man on the street is perfectly well aware that the government tolerates unexampled capitalist profiteering and exploitation, blatantly incompatible with its own moral professions.

Added to this severe economic struggle, in which the laboring population of America is involved, is a bitter race struggle. The Americans are in certain respects still a colonial people. Their country is receiving immigrants from every quarter of the globe. It has by no means succeeded in assimilating all these diverse elements. While the English-speaking races, the Scandinavians, and the Germans who have emigrated to the United States readily identified themselves with the older population, the Italians, the Slavs, and the Orientals have continued to live apart; and the negroes, who nominally enjoy equal civil and political rights, but are not permitted to exercise them in practice, are artificially excluded from association with the rest of the community on cultural and racial grounds. Added to this instinctive race antipathy, is the animosity begotten of labor competition between the whites and the blacks.

The primitive negroes accept less wages than the whites, lower the standard of living of the latter, endanger the existence of trade unions, and are in every respect evil competitors. In order to appreciate the extent of their influence we must bear in mind that of 9,000,000 inhabitants in the Gulf States more than 5,000,000

are negroes. In Mississippi and South Carolina they constitute about 58 per cent of the population. In Georgia and Louisiana they form from 46 to 47 per cent of the inhabitants. About a million negroes resided in the North before the war. During that conflict another million migrated to that section. This has multiplied opportunities for friction. Furthermore, the United States has not only the negroes, but also its yellow-skinned immigrants, who refuse to be assimilated and who form permanent alien colonies within the nation.

Consequently, the American workingman meets a multitude of obstacles to his progress. For decades he has been fed with hopes and for decades his hopes have been betrayed by that great lie, which the United States names Democracy. He has been beaten at every point, left in the lurch by his government, which in the final outcome has either been unwilling or unable to adopt any other course than that dictated by great capital. He has seen his claims for protection defeated by a constitution hostile to whatever savors of paternalism. As long as the economic development of the country was yet in its early stages, as long as there was still free land to draw off surplus labor, he could get relief. The resistance of the masses never reached the danger point. Now, thanks to a land policy which plays into the hands of speculators, thanks to a price policy which gives the trusts control of the provisions market, and thanks to a cost of living pushed to an extreme height in order to enlarge the margin between selling prices and production costs, the conflict of interest between the masses and their masters has become more bitter than ever. Furthermore, the United States is having the same experience as Germany, in that new theories are abroad among the people with little property or no property at all, who for the time being placed their faith in Wilson's moral preaching. They realize the contrast which now exists between the promises and pretenses of American liberty and the bitter denial of liberty for the millions. Wilson's betrayal has been such a shocking disenchantment for the American proletariat, that its hosts are resolved to have a reckoning. Bolshevism has nothing to do with the case. It is a strictly American crisis.

[*The London Nation* (Liberal Weekly), *May 1*]

AN APPEAL FROM RUSSIAN INTELLECTUALS

'THE undersigned, members of the Russian Group of Intellectual Workers, and belonging to different shades of political and social opinion, after having witnessed the course of events in Russia during these latter years, have combined to apply our knowledge and our energies to restore the productive capacity of our country, and to preserve the little culture which has survived the World War and the revolution. We now appeal to the public opinion of Europe and America, and to our compatriots in exile, in order to point out to them the road it is necessary to follow so as to restore, as quickly as possible, the economic power of the people, and to bring about the resumption of economic relations between Russia and Western Europe. The revolution, which has lasted for more than two years, has destroyed the foundations of the old régime, and is seeking fresh forms of political and social life, and these changes have inevitably been accompanied by excesses. This movement has reacted on the whole world, which, after this unexampled war, stands in need of peace and the means of culture indispensable

to the establishment of a new organization in Russia. These are the reasons why, as it seems to us, the directing classes in other countries should aim at the reconstruction in Russia of a stable political and economic order.

'While foreign help is indispensable in the economic sphere, and in that of Russian production, a question which affects the interests of the entire world, there is a danger in foreign, and particularly armed, intervention in the internal politics of a people of one hundred and fifty millions. In this sphere the people itself, at the cost of suffering and conflict, must reorganize its new life; for, undoubtedly, methods of violence yield no positive result, and are usually the source of new sufferings for a revolutionary nation, for they imperil the last remains of civilization.

'Admitting this, it is still indispensable that our compatriots, who have been exiled from Russia for two years, should reconsider their beliefs and their opinions, which no longer correspond to the actual interests of the country, nor to the mentality and beliefs of the Russian masses, nor, in particular, to the views of those numerous groups of intellectuals whose opinions have been sensibly modified during the course of these latter months, in which days and hours seemed like years. One must, undoubtedly, strongly condemn the excesses which have taken place in Russia, but these negative facts, temporary as they are, must not separate Russian intellectuals from the Russian people, whose sufferings should be lightened by concessions and by personal sacrifices.

'The political and economic state of Russia is clearly difficult. Russia stands in need of the creation of a new order, without which civilized life is impossible, and she needs economic reforms, and conditions favorable to the development of her energies.

'It is impossible to foresee what direction the revolutionary process will take; what ideas will triumph, and what changes will take place in the psychology of the people. For that reason it is all the more difficult to influence these changes by means of violence.

'The salient point of the Russian question is, that it is impossible to isolate this gigantic country from the rest of the world till it has settled its domestic problems. The interests of Russia, and of other countries, do not permit this. The situation requires:

'1. That all armed intervention in the internal affairs of Russia should cease.

'2. That business and intellectual relations with Russia should be resumed, irrespective of the existing régime.

'3. That a process of free coöperation should be set up with the Russian people for the restoration of their economic, material, and intellectual forces.

'Profoundly convinced that Russia will survive all her difficulties and will establish a new civilized life, we are persuaded that the leaders of public opinion in Europe will look with sympathy on our hopes, will respond to our appeal, and will assist the Russian people in their efforts to return, to the path of peaceful labor.

'(*Signed*) The Founders of the Union of Intellectual Workers: V. BEKHTEREFF and C. OLDENBOURG, Professors and Members of the Academy; A. ZAK, University Professor; V. SCHAVINSKY, Professor; Z. KAHN, V. TARNOVSKY (ex-Director of the Siberian Bank); ZAMBERG, N. ZVILEFF (ex-Steamship and Mill Owner); SINIAGUINE, A. BRAFMAN (ex-Director of the Société de Crédit, Petrograd); GELVATYKH (ex-President of the Council of the Ural Mining Industry; V. PLANCON, E. KARATIGUINE, N. IVANOVSKY, MARGOLIS, A. FRÈZÉ, and S. DZENKONSKY (lawyers, engineers, literary men, etc.), P. VORONOFF (ex-Staff General and Director of the Russian historical review *Rousskaia Starina*); N. PANTUKOFF, G. CHRZANOVSKY, B. SABANINE, MAXIM GORKY, A. BABNOVASKY, S. KORFF (ex-Senator), N. ELATCHINE (ex-Under-Secretary of State), N. REINKE, etc. (bureaucrats of the old régime).'

[*The English Review*]

SCIENTIFIC MEN AND SPIRITUALISM: A SKEPTIC'S ANALYSIS

BY JOSEPH McCABE

THE growth of Spiritualism is one of the themes of the season; and it must be admitted that it does not promise a contribution to that intellectual sanity which is one of the most pressing of our social needs. No doubt the growth is generally much exaggerated. The most sober estimate of the number of Spiritualists in the 'fifties of the last century runs to a million. A semi-official estimate in the year 1917 gave the figure of 200,000 for the entire world. We have even to-day nothing approaching the remarkable epidemic which found luxurious conditions of growth in rural America in the last century, and for some years spread its intellectual blight over Europe.

Frivolous as some of our journals are, they would hardly to-day open their columns to a serious discussion whether a lady medium, of a particularly massive build, had really been transported by spirits from Highbury to Lamb's Conduit Street, through several solid walls, in the space of three minutes.

Such as it is, however, the epidemic is alarming enough in view of our particular need of clear-headedness and sense of reality. And there is one factor in the recent growth which is particularly irritating. Spiritualism spreads in waves, its periodic advances separated by decades of obscurity and discredit. The chief reason for this is that a decade of prosperity brings to the front a regiment of brazen impostors, and ends in a series of sensational exposures. There have been exposures enough in the last two decades, but our generation was not much interested in the subject, and they generally escaped notice. The time was fairly ripe for another advance. A war which removed five million men in adolescence or early manhood inevitably gave the opportunity, and the Sludges of the world came out of their dark corners.

Luckily for themselves they converted one of our most popular novelists, and he perambulated the country, from the south coast to Aberdeen, preaching the 'new revelation.' As usual, the press magnified the phenomenon and our semi-hysterical generation hastened to see and hear the latest novelty.

But there is a more serious element of the situation that deserves special consideration. From the start there were scientific men who unfortunately lent their names to the popular cult. Professor Crookes in London, Professor Hare in America, rigged up some pseudo-scientific apparatus, which smart conjurers soon mastered and evaded, and gave the blessing of 'science' to the movement De Morgan and other professors were nearly caught, and were much too lenient in their language. The number of these men grew less as time went on, and, when Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Barrett lent their names to it, their weight was counterbalanced by

the general disdain of their colleagues.

Since 1890, however, there has been formed on the Continent quite a school of scientific men who have endorsed the worst pieces of charlatanry in the Spiritualist movement — levitations and materializations. The Italians took the lead, partly because of the peculiar intellectual condition of Italy in the last decade of the nineteenth century, partly because Italy produced one of the astutest mediums yet seen, Eusapia Palladino. Men like Daniel D. Home and Stainton Moses had had an easy run. They performed only before small audiences of their choice. Slade had had a rare piece of luck in Germany, for of the four eminent professors who endorsed his miracles, one was mentally disturbed, one was nearly blind, and two were short-sighted; and it took a special delegate from America to discover so much as this.

But Eusapia Palladino faced group after group of professors and medical men. That she converted poor Lombroso does not now surprise us. His daughter, Gina Ferrero, tells us in her biography of her father that during his later years he suffered so badly from arteriosclerosis that his mental and physical health was wrecked. Apart from Lombroso, however, quite a large number of academic and professional men — Chiaia, Foa, Bottazzi, Morselli, Porro, Imoda, etc.— endorsed the performances of Palladino, and unwillingly lent great strength to a superstition which they professed to detest.

I will deal later with this 'psychic school' and its 'telekinetic' phenomena, and will consider here a weird development of it in France and Germany. Except Lombroso, who in his old age formulated a theory that the mind is an immortal material fluid, none of these men are Spiritualists. Most of them despise Spiritualism. They have at least a sufficient sense of humor to resent the idea that the lofty beings of Vale-Owen land stroll along from their Elysian fields to thump tambourines, and tug the beards and moustaches of professors in darkened chambers. There, however, their sense of humor ends. They credit mediums with 'abnormal' powers. One medium has a 'telekinetic' power, and can lift tables and pull furniture about without touching them. Another medium has 'teleplastic' power, and can project material from his body, mould it into an arm or a face or a whole body, and pose for the camera or imprint a face in wax.

The extraordinary thing is that one finds a number of physiologists in the school. It is relatively easy for physicists like Lodge and Barrett to believe in miracles, but how a man who knows what a hand or a face really is can entertain the idea of a medium 'forming' one out of spare cells of her own body in the course of a quarter or half an hour passes comprehension. The known regenerative power of the human organism is such that it will restore a very limited area of a bruised limb in the course of several months. These men believe that certain mediums have the power of releasing matter from their bodies (without injury) and moulding it into limbs which can grasp (and so have bones and muscles), and faces which, imprinted in putty or wax, show the same structure and solid frame as ordinary human faces.

This description sounds necessarily so like caricature that I will hasten to the facts. Professor Charles Richet was, like the astronomer Flammarion and the distinguished lawyer Maxwell, one of the French savants who were duped by Palladino. They studied her at intervals from 1892 to 1908; yet

they maintained, and maintain, that the majority of her phenomena were genuinely abnormal. By the beginning of this century Richet was a confirmed occultist, and was drawn into an adventure of a singular description.

General Noel, who lived in Algiers, sent word that a remarkably powerful medium had appeared in his family, and full materializations were seen almost daily. Richet went to the General's house, the Villa Carmen, in 1903. He was not convinced, but in 1905 he went for a longer stay, and he yielded entirely. The medium was a young woman whom he named 'Marthe B,' daughter of a retired French officer (rank not stated). Her position in the Villa Carmen was unusual. She lived there, and was affianced to the General's son. In introducing her later and greater performances at Paris, Baron Von Schrenck-Notzing duly gives us a description of her physique and morale.

He describes her as having moral sentiments 'only in the egocentric sense,' as not a virgin, and as having 'a very erotic imagination.' She was nineteen years old in 1905. Her *fiancé* had died in 1904, but she remained in the house and consoled the bereaved parents by putting them into communication with the next world. They sat in a darkened kiosk in the garden, and Marthe often had associated with her, as a second medium, a black servant named Aischa. The chief ghost to appear at the opening of the cabinet, when Marthe and Aischa sat in it, was a deceased Arab chief, of whom Professor Richet gives us admirable photographs, taken by magnesium flare. One sees only the eyes and nose, which are singularly like those of Marthe. The rest is brass hat, bushy beard, and white drapery. The light was the usual red lantern, except at the moment of photographing.

Professor Richet, who is a distinguished physiologist, devised an experiment to test if the ghost was a lay figure. He brought a flask of baryta water, which clouds if carbon-laden air is breathed through it. The ghost obligingly breathed through it, and it was clouded. He felt the ghost's hand. It was warm and solid. In other words, he proved by demonstration that the ghost was a living person, the medium; yet this distinguished professor of physiology then hastened to inform the world that he had discovered a genuine case of materialization in Algiers.

Many will remember how the Spiritualist world was excited and heartened by these 'Villa Carmen manifestations' in 1906. Presently the curtain fell again, and we wondered what had happened. At the very time when the English Spiritualists were exulting over the new proof, it was being undone in Paris. An Algiers lawyer, M. Marsault, had been at the Villa Carmen *séances* as early as 1900, and seen the fraud. In 1904 Marthe confessed to him that it was all humbug, and he warned Richet. But Marthe, in order to clear herself, had spoken of a trap door and of the impersonation of the ghost by others; and, as there was no trap door, Richet continued to believe in materialization.

Most people saw the justice of M. Marsault's case, and the Villa Carmen sank into obscurity. Another bright star fell from the mediumistic sky. The scholars of the psychic school, however, continued their hopeful researches. In 1908 they discussed, and eventually dismissed, the famous American materialization medium Miller. Then their attention was given to Linda Gazerra and Lucia Sordi, two new Italian mediums. Dr. Imoda, assistant of Professor Mosso, studied Gazerra, and photographed her ghosts,

for three years. She was a middle-class lady, too morally sensitive to submit to search, and she had imported dolls, drapery, and even birds in her false hair and her underclothing. Lucia Sordi was an athlete of the robust-peasant type. She also duped academic students of the psychic school for years. They then brought the Australian medium, Bailey, to France, and had a fresh disillusion. Next, a genuine unpaid materialization medium, of good social position, was reported from Costa Rica, and Professor Richet rushed off to San José. It was a cruder fraud than any. All these disillusions occurred within four years.

Meantime a new star had appeared in Paris itself. M. Bisson, a French writer, was interested in the 'new science.' His wife was even more interested, especially when M. Bisson died; and she had the good fortune, as so many aristocratic French ladies have, to discover a genuine materializing medium. The young lady was of good family, and preferred to remain anonymous. She was introduced to strangers as 'Rose Dupont' and to the scientific world at large as 'Eva C.' Under what name she was introduced to Professor Richet, who again endorsed the performance, we do not know. But it is hardly possible to doubt that M. Richet recognized his old friend, Marthe Beraud, of the egocentric moral sentiments. In some of her early 'materializations' she wore the brass hat, scrubby beard, and white drapery of 'Bien Boa,' the dead Arab chief of the Villa Carmen.

Among the many medical men and professors initiated at Mme. Bisson's house was Baron Von Schrenck-Notzing, an aristocratic and leisured medical man of Munich. He took the phenomena very seriously. He devised the most rigorous control of the medium, raised the lights to a daring pitch of illumination, fired five cameras at a time at the ghost, and even installed a cinematograph. The young woman was stripped before every performance, and sewn into something like 'tights' of black cloth. Her mouth, nostrils, ears, and armpits were examined. There was a superficial examination of the lower part of her body. Once a nurse examined her more thoroughly, and once or twice — 'Eva' was in a trance, so the question of modesty does not arise — she invited Baron Schrenck himself to verify that she was not concealing apparatus in a more delicate part of her person.

After three years of research under these rigorous conditions, Baron Schrenck burst upon the astonished world with his *Materializations-Phænomene* (1914). Mme. Bisson brought out a smaller work, with the same photographs, but it is too discreet and tendencious to be of any use. I was amused when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle produced this book of Mme. Bisson's in his debate with me at the Queen's Hall, and told the audience that it was 'the insanity of incredulity' for me to waive it aside. The battle (over Baron Schrenck's fuller German version) had been won five years before.

As late as 1914, Richet wrote that he was thoroughly convinced of the genuineness of Marthe Beraud, and he presumably still holds that conviction. Several other educationists and professional men of France and Germany shared his conviction. The case will probably rank in years to come with the 'Katie King' experiments of Sir W. Crookes, to which Richet often refers as a parallel. And there is no doubt that the Spiritualists build upon the opinion of these men. Even Baron Schrenck disdains Spiritualism, and claims only a mysterious 'teleplastic' power on the part of the medium.

That makes little difference. It is the facts that matter. Indeed, the general public will probably regard the Spiritualist theory as less unreasonable than the theory of these learned professors.

One need not linger to-day over the 'facts,' except in the sense that they show an extraordinary credulity in men of the 'new science' and a remarkable ingenuity on the part of the mediums. But as a translation of Baron Schrenck's book is shortly to appear in English, to strengthen the faith of our Spiritualists, a few observations on it will not be superfluous.

Its special value is supposed to lie in the 150 photographs of materializations which it contains. When we ask for *séances* in good light, we are told that white light prevents the 'development of the phenomena.' This did not surprise us, as any illusionist could do most surprising things in a dull red light, the most fatiguing and baffling light that the eye can endure. However, it was of some interest to learn that Baron Schrenck's incessant magnesium flares did no harm either to ghost or medium. He was even allowed to pour on a sufficiently strong stream of white light to use the cinematograph while the phenomena developed. The progress in illumination was, in fact, instructive. For months no photographs were permitted, and the *drawings* which Baron Schrenck gives for these early *séances* are useless. Marthe then lost all nervousness before her scientific audience, and permitted an illumination which gives us every detail plainly.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle tells his readers that 'you see the ectoplasm pouring from the medium's nose, eyes, ears, and skin.' Where he got either the word 'ectoplasm' or this impression of the photographs, I cannot imagine. What you see at first are bits of chiffon or muslin, white gloves, possibly inflated fish bladders, and other compressible and expansible articles, hanging from the medium's mouth or fastened to her hair or clothing or breasts or to the curtain. For a variation she occasionally masquerades as a ghost. The Baron calls this 'transfiguration' of the medium. He is compelled to recognize that it is she, so he falls back upon the usual subterfuge of 'unconscious action in a trance.' She is hypnotized before every performance. The trance is, of course, a sham. She is obviously awake all the time. In one photograph a 'spirit hand' reaches out for a cigarette. As both of Marthe's hands are visible, you are puzzled for a moment; until, on looking closely, you perceive that the hand is a bare foot. You then realize that what purports to be her face is a bit of muslin. She is bending backward and lifting her left foot high to represent a hand.

After some months she begins to 'materialize' human heads. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's picture of 'this viscous ectoplasm, forming an amorphous cloud, and finally moulding itself into human faces and human figures,' is pure fancy. There are wisps and streaks of cloudy stuff — muslin or other thin material — but the idea that this moulds itself, and is 'gradually suffused with life,' and on one occasion steps into the room and embraces Mme. Bisson, is a finer flight of fiction than any adventure of Sherlock Holmes. As I said, on one or two occasions Marthe Beraud was the ghost, and could leave the cabinet. In all other cases where human forms appeared, the curtains were kept closed until the girl was ready, music was supplied (at her request) to drown any noise of her movements, and she had a quarter or half an hour to arrange the 'peep-show.'

The faces are quite obviously il-

lustrations cut out of the French papers. The corners are sometimes curled, and they show the marks of the scissors. One ghost is President Wilson, with a heavy cavalry moustache and a black eye; but the collar and tie correspond to a hair with the contemporary portrait of Wilson in *Le Miroir*, and the girl had not succeeded in entirely washing away even the tiepin (an American flag, apparently). Poincaré and other celebrities, crudely painted over, appear. On Poincaré she sticks a very crude and obvious paper nose, to give a plastic effect and conceal his three warts. A hundred of the 'ghosts' are so crude, so obviously flat paper surfaces, that the effrontery of the medium is amazing.

A critical medical colleague, who was invited to attend, took a powerful electric torch and examined the cloth-covered cabinet. He found, all over the back of it, the groups of pin-holes where the girl had pinned up her portraits. On one or two photographs you see the black pin quite plainly. On one photograph, which was taken prematurely, Marthe is clearly dangling the ghost on the end of a string, to make it, as Sir Arthur says, 'suffused with life.' Baron Schrenck was forced to admit that she stuck or pinned up the objects and that she had deceptively smuggled pins into the cabinet, in spite of his rigid control. He then noticed that the 'ghosts' generally showed marks of having been folded up. He heard the rustle of paper in the cabinet, and even found bits of paper on the floor. He still clung to his theory. Another doctor pointed out that there are such things as human 'ruminants,' who can lower things into their gullet or stomach and bring them up at will; and he remembered that Marthe occasionally bled from the mouth or gullet after a sitting. For seven sittings (four of which were quite barren) he put a net over her head. But she stipulated that her dress be left open when the net was on, and she very soon forced them to lay it aside. One day some accident happened to her 'ghost,' and the camera inside the cabinet disclosed the remarkable title *Le Miroir!* The next day she gave it a symbolical meaning.

In short, although Baron Schrenck, Professor Richet, Doctor Geley, and other scientific and medical men cling to the 'abnormal' theory, the whole three years' investigation really turned into a farce. It was admitted that 'Eva C.' was Marthe Beraud; and it is clear that she concealed her light and compressible material about her body. That is really the chief interest of the matter. For fifty years mediums were never searched, and sitters were as flagrantly duped as Sir W. Crookes was by Florrie Cook. The numerous exposures in the 'eighties and 'nineties led to the practice of stripping mediums, and 'phenomena' became rarer. In most cases, of course, the medium is still not searched. Modesty is a valuable part of a lady medium's outfit. But inquirers of this 'psychic school' considered that they really were safe when the medium allowed a search. We now know differently. A radiograph would not give away the secret of a 'ruminant'; and scores of such people are known to medical men.

For the credit of Morselli and other leaders of the 'new science,' I must add that they by no means agree with Professor Richet and his French and German colleagues in indorsing this comedy. They rely mainly on 'telekinetic' manifestations, which I trust to examine later. But nearly all of them — and they number probably twenty or thirty scientific and professional men, including men so distinguished as Richet, Morselli, and

Flammarion — do accept this 'teleplastic' power in some degree. It is a scientific monstrosity. The only point open to consideration is whether, in a few cases, some mediums like Marthe Beraud may not develop an abnormal secretion of mucus, and blow or trail it from the mouth, making it assume a fantastic appearance in the red light. On the whole, the supposed materializations are really bits of flimsy stuff, thin rubber, or other compressible and expansible material, plainly stuck about her person or the cabinet. A little less of this kind of 'science' and a little more common sense is advisable.

The chief mischief is that, if mediums can thus stand the scrutiny of scientific men for years, the uneducated public is misled. Spiritualist leaders go about saying that their theory is proved by science to be 'absolutely true.' Sir A. C. Doyle assures them that for thirty years men of science have studied their phenomena, and all who have joined in the inquiry have indorsed the facts. We begin to understand the note of arrogance that has crept into Spiritualist literature. It is quite time that some of our scientific authorities gave proper guidance to the public on the subject. Silent contempt never killed a popular superstition. If we have no wish to undo the democratization of power, at least let us hurry on with the democratization of that moderate degree of mental culture which is known as common sense. A habit of nursing illusions in religion will not refuse its hospitality to illusions in politics or economics.

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A SOLDIER-TRAVELER IN FRANCE

BY ALBERT KINROSS

THERE are occasions when some precious person, whom one has, perhaps, met at a tea party, says with a mingling of pity and amazement: 'You do not know the novels of Merejkowski!' Or it may be the pictures of Walter Bayes. I have just confessed as much. I am ignorant of the works of either master; and far from feeling humble or ashamed, my air is one of pleasurable anticipation. 'What would life be if every world were discovered?' I ask. 'I have a delight in store for me which you can never renew.' And then, a trifle maliciously, I say: 'Have you ever been lost in a London fog and tumbled into the pond on Hampstead Heath? I have. It is a most exciting experience.' She turns up her nose at me and walks away.

When the war began, France to me was something like those novels and those pictures. It is a disgraceful confession, and yet one that I make with gratitude. For some inexplicable reason I knew a dozen other countries, but France was still a mystery unsealed. And I am glad of it; for during the time — all too brief — that I spent there, my leisure was a perpetual and enchanting labor. I knew the zest of exploration and discovery; here was a

world, complete and perfect, and, in so far as I was concerned, it was virgin soil.

True, I spoke French — I had learned some of it at school, had practised it in Switzerland, in Belgium, in Russia — anywhere but in France. I had read French — it is remarkable that the most fascinating history of English literature I have ever met should be the work of a foreigner — I speak of Taine. I had read French novels by the score, from Musset and Paul de Kock to Prévost and Romain Rolland. I had written on the French Theatre as seen in London; I had done homage to the technique and amazing ability of the French painters, the French prose writers. The poets, alas! had been destroyed for me by the rhetorical and repulsive selections of the schoolroom. Also I had spent weeks in Paris as a tourist; I had seen Avignon and Arles. Yet before the war, unless one had influence and introductions, what did one see but churches, picture galleries, museums, and hotels? — with whom did one converse but guides, barbers, waiters, and ladies met haphazard? To these one was a curious phenomenon. There was nothing human about one. The nearest approach to a definite impression was that produced by a certain writer, a friend of mine. At the Gaieté Montparnasse we had offered refreshment and chatted for an hour with two young ladies who sat in the next *loge*. The one, a maker of artificial flowers, had said to me of my friend: '*Ce monsieur a l'air très intelligent.*' I repeated it to him afterwards. His works are translated into a dozen languages; his reputation is American and European.

The war has changed all this; it was a kind of magic which made so many doors fly open. And we took it largely as a matter of course — both French and British. In 1914 I found myself hovering between Bailleul, Steenwerck, and Armentières, a flat and rather dismal country in the winter; but yet, who could ever have foretold that one would make one's home in it? And there were days spent at Rouen and Le Havre. Rouen was wonderful; it made England seem young; one discovered that there were Normans before the Norman Conquest. And then, speaking to people, one discovered, also, that there were Normans to this day — a profoundly marked type — and that Guy de Maupassant was one of them. And one discovered too that there were Bretons and people from the Centre and the South and half a dozen provinces, and that each had their qualities and characteristics. For some absurd reason, and in spite of one's books and novels one had thought that all Frenchmen were alike, though in one's own country one was quick to note the differences and accent, say, of Yorkshire, Wales, or Somerset.

It is when he is tethered to a hospital that the soldier has most leisure and most opportunity. Luck would have it that I should spend some weeks of January, 1915, at Etretat; and, better still, a kindly matron, after the first close days, allowed me to go out and see the world. There was in this charming and friendly little town an equally charming and friendly little lady, whose business it was to let out bicycles. She had none that would go particularly well. Her husband being away at the war, they had fallen into disrepair. But still there was one bicycle that, if you pushed it to the top of a hill, would carry you down the other side, and even go where the road was level. It was good enough for me, and every day I used to call for it. Such rides we had together! To all kinds of outlandish places where the British uniform had never penetrated. More than once an old man stopped

me — the young ones were all away — and, after regarding me with a puzzled air, '*Etes-vous Belge?*' he would ask, finding no other solution to the mystery. When I told him who I was he seemed to admit that there might be something in the stories circulated by the newspapers. But Norman caution went no further.

Here in the open one came to realize the significance of the French peasantry. This land seemed given over to that serious race. There was the *mairie* and the ubiquitous *notaire*, always living in the best house of the village; but gentry, in our sense of the word, there was little or none, and little of industry that called for towns and factory chimneys. Everyone lived by and was marked by that well-labored soil.

Curious inns I came to, where one was always sure of finding a good omelette, passable wine, and the inevitable *lapin*. An easy rustic society gathered there on market days, very much like our own, but more careless of appearance and appearances. They did not spend their money on good clothes; they were indifferent to what we call 'society'; there was a realism about their life and views which might be condemned as narrow, but which was free from pretense of anything more soaring and more artificial. At one inn the host who served me had been a *chef* in London; and he was not content with *lapin!* In the summer he did well with motorists and visitors from Paris. He was a farmer too, and had come back to his family and his inheritance. These meant so much to him; far more than to an Englishman, who is usually landless.

At a tiny seaport I took coffee and cognac with a man who, judged by the look of him, I could have sworn was an Irish coachman. In reality, however, he was a Breton sailor. I have a weakness for the Bretons. It may be accident, but in a round dozen, men and women, I have never met one that did not seem honest and courageous. Even the old applewoman, with whom I dealt at Le Havre, treated me the same way as any sailor of the port, and it never occurred to her to make me pay for being *un Anglais*. Other Frenchmen seemed to despise the Breton, deeming him a simpleton and prone to strong liquor; yet to me his other qualities outweighed this picture, and, perhaps, between him and ourselves, there exists a certain affinity.

I looked into most of the village churches, as one does in England. They seemed less old and interesting than ours. The revolution may account for it. And their cemeteries were tidy and methodical enough to make one shudder — Gray's *Elegy* could never have been written in Northern France. But the *curés* I hit upon were decent men, with a touch of the old maid in their composition. They always inquired whether I was a Catholic — it might, perhaps, have explained my curiosity; and when once I replied with Dizzy's aphorism, that all wise men are of the same religion, I was gently reproved for posing so free a doctrine.

But the most delightful of all these souvenirs is one that occurred toward dusk on a winter's day. I was riding home through the outskirts of a little town, and, seeing my uniform, some boys ran after me, and it so happened that my pocket was full of sweetstuff provided by the Red Cross. I threw them the bag, and, a few yards farther, I dismounted, for I was come to one of the hills that my bicycle declined. The boys overtook me yelling with delight. They knew my nationality and they walked with me to the brow of the hill. Before I mounted I had to say good-bye; and next, the dearest, rosiest little chap imaginable sprang

at my neck and kissed me. It was so naturally and inevitably done. And when I returned to hospital, 'You're late,' said Matron. 'I've been kissed,' said I. I teased her a little more, and then I told her. And next I said: 'We talk, rightly or wrongly and on the feeblest of evidence, about the French and their arranged marriages; but when they do marry for love, they produce youngsters like my boy.'

I was so sure that that explained him. It may or it may not do; and he was as sturdy as an English boy and not a bit less manly. And thinking this matter over and all the reams of trash that have been written about it, one is the more convinced that the ordinary French marriage is one of deep and well-considered affection, un-English, perhaps, in its lack of haste, unsicklied with our peculiar sentimentality. How else explain the millions of fighters who beat the Germans at Verdun and all along their line? No, these were hardly the sons of loveless marriages!

Children fascinate one in war time. Their carelessness is in so great a contrast to one's own thoughts and activities. With them one finds escape. At a château I once stayed at in the north were the two most ferocious little devils I have ever fought with. They explain Carpentier, and French Rugby football, and the immortal dash and fury of the French infantry. Of an evening after dinner the attack would begin. Monsieur, I am afraid, was rather sleepy and, perhaps, an invalid; but Madame, though properly reserved and *bien élevée*, was not displeased. These two little fiends would go for me like a whirlwind; my superior bulk and force were all as one to them; when shaken by laughter and out of breath, I fairly succumbed and they jumped on my inert body, they would have finished me off and made an end of me had not their alarmed and considerate parents intervened. They sent me post cards and affectionate greetings long after. I wish I had them now when I want exercise. The little girls one knew were more correct. Not for them the battle and dishevelment. They seemed quite early to perceive their destiny, which was to set an example to us wild barbarians, to charm the savage male, and to acquire and guard their pretty clothing.

One's French comrades have been so many and so varied that one hardly knows where to begin. They seemed to possess a finer average of intelligence than the men of our own army. Less interested in practice and the actual doing of things, they were by so much our superiors in theory and in ideas. Where the Englishman would 'mind his own business,' their curiosity was forever roaming; and I remember well how, in Saloniki, whenever I grew tired of the immediate, the very constant, pressure of work in hand, and felt more inclined to talk books, and art, and life in general, there was always the hospitable mess of our French neighbors, who would indulge me to the limit of my powers. They were well read and critical; in these dismal surroundings they even managed to hold a show of paintings and publish an excellent review.

So many of them are dead to-day; but one still recalls them with affection: little W—— who crashed and was burned to death beyond our lines, a typical meridional, warm-hearted, impulsive, full of rose-hued, amorous adventures, and brave to a fault; his friend L——, still happily alive, long, thin, whose wife was a prisoner in Lille, a good husband, and devoted to the profession of medicine which he practised; G——, an old bachelor, hardened in the African cavalry, and yet, with his rough exterior and tongue, as

gentle as a schoolgirl. It was he who one day let off the not unfamiliar remark that all women are harlots, and it was B—— who observed, not without a certain dignity, that neither his mother nor his sister was in that category. I liked B—— for this. At the moment I felt that the reply was so thoroughly English. A deeper knowledge has convinced me that it was even more French than British.

Sometimes we discussed sport. The senior officers, it appeared, were not enthusiastic. It occupied time that should be employed in the study of one's profession. That was their attitude. But the young ones had often made up their mind. 'You wait,' my friend G—— used to say, 'in a few years we will be the seniors; and then ——' He was a young fellow, twice wounded, who had been through Verdun, and was immensely interested in boxing, horses, and Rugby football. Probably he is right. When his generation gets its way, the French soldier will be encouraged to spend more time in physical exercise. Even from a professional point of view, as G—— was quick to discover, sport has its uses.

Looking backward through those years, so many types occur to me. The Frenchman is far more the individualist than we, who are rather inclined to make a fetish of conformity; and possibly with a stranger he lets himself go, enjoying the fierceness of his confidences. For they are fierce, to an extent unknown with us. English Radical, Tory, or even Socialist, are pretty tame compared with V——, the Royalist, or D——, the Republican, or S——, who fears the encroachments of Labor. The Catholic is fierce and so is the anti-Catholic. Yet all their differences seem to melt before the one word, France, and at bottom they are profoundly human. A fine deed, whether committed by friend or foe, touches them to the depths. The German, with his grudging 'One must admit,' seems mean and ridiculous before their generous enthusiasm.

Of the Frenchwomen one met, young, middle-aged, or old, it is difficult for a foreigner to write with any degree of confidence. In England our education tends to divide childhood from adolescence with a certain sharpness, so that the two periods are made distinct. In France, so it seems to me, there is no such break, and the child is very closely the father of the man. This quality of continuity has a peculiar charm, and it may account for much that makes the Frenchwoman so attractive; and, again, she seems to be the chosen comrade of her men, sharing their interests, their failures, their successes, to an extent unknown outside, and even their follies. So that one can talk to her about anything and everything in life, treating her as a complete equal, and often finding her one's superior. The preëminence of French comedy, of the French Theatre in general, owes perhaps everything to this enfranchisement.

To this intellectual freedom the war seemed to add a social liberty that was somewhat to seek in former years. Like many of the Turkish ladies I have heard of, the Frenchwoman may have been a little dazzled by it at first, before finding her feet and settling down. The immediate effect, so it seemed to an outsider, was not without its romantic issues. These, maybe, will never be put on record, but, should they ever find a chronicler, they would inspire a volume far superior to the *Arabian Nights*, with which histories they have a certain affinity. The grass-widow who 'was not made of wood,' however, was far more the exception than the rule, and one was so often impressed by the ability and devotion wherewith these women kept their

homes together, and carried on the business of the absent. The family tie seemed strong and frank and wholesome; and after the armistice, particularly, it was a constant pleasure to see father, mother, and children united in those restaurants which are frequented on special occasions, and for which, in England, there is no exact equivalent.

Leaving the middle classes, one had sometimes the privilege of meeting a family of the higher rank; and the ladies of this order were a revelation. They had brains, they were witty and mischievous as I have known no other women in the world. Their liveliness was a delight and their courage matched it; and they could spend their day at a hospital and do solid work for all their elegance and spirit. Once I took the liberty of asking two such ladies why, with all their vivacity and charm, they had not married, for to me it seemed incredible that so much womanliness should go unsought. They had never been sufficiently tempted was what they answered. I regretted it; for the world has need of them and of their like.

The older women often had a kindness and simplicity that went straight to the heart. After Loos, I remember, when our hospitals were overflowing, it was my business to buy all the fruit I could lay hands on. Most of these purchases were made *en famille*, and I recall how several times, when Monsieur was not averse to profiting by the situation, Madame, alive to the pain of the poor fellows we were concerned with, would brush him aside and waive her profit for the cause. The old man would slink off amid a volley of plain speaking. And it was these same old ladies too who were most fierce about the Boche. Had he fallen into their hands, they would have made a very different Peace Treaty from the one we know.

Another old lady I call to mind was she who stood beside me one day in the streets of Boulogne when our fresh troops were pouring in, it seemed by the mile. Being early in the war, there was a crowd to watch them. She stood there with us and tears ran down her wrinkled cheeks. She caught my eye and, possibly, my sympathy. '*C'est pour la France*,' she said; and in that quiet affirmation one read a history that seemed to sum up a whole people. Nothing else mattered — only France. And, indeed, it is a country to be proud of! Venerable, beautiful, rich with all the wealth that art and nature can bestow upon a land, is there anything quite like it? Königsberg, Berlin, might perish, and Prussia with them; and I doubt if the world would be much the poorer. But France is something else; a new world to such of us as did not know her, a great and unforgettable experience. One will go back to it — thousands of us will go back to it — to renew in peace those scenes and those discoveries that we perforce skimmed in time of war.

[*The Outlook*]

AT A SUBURBAN CINEMA

BY J. C. SQUIRE

THERE seemed nothing new of interest to go to so I thought I would go to a suburban cinema. Hope dies with life. I saw on the placards outside a grandiose building, ''Varsity Boat Race from Start to Finish.' This, I thought, is the place for me; so in I went, lordly, to an eighteenpenny *fauteuil*. But did I see the University Boat Race, my appetite for which had been whetted by a fleeting glimpse of two crawling insects caught on Saturday from my roof on Chiswick Mall? Not a bit of it! To do myself justice I never expected to.

Doubtless at some dim early hour of the day that most exciting film had been hurried through; a sparse matutinal audience had seen the young Apollos dashing toward Mortlake at some 120 strokes to the minute, while Harrods, the Doves, Thorneycroft's, and Barnes Bridge flashed by as they would flash by an express train. But once perfunctorily done, so interesting a film must be stuffed away out of sight for the real business of the evening to begin.

For over two hours I sat in that plush armchair watching the flicker of light on the far screen. The place was packed. Smoke rose from the audience as from the remains of a recent eruption. A few whispers, a few foot-shufflings, a click or two from the lantern, and an occasional involuntary laugh alone broke the stillness. And a British 'popular' audience suffered one after one American films of incredible stupidity. The audience did not appear excited about them. It stared as it might have stared at anything. One guessed that its faces resembled those rows of empty jugs, waiting to be filled with anything, that Henry James called up as an image for an audience waiting the exordium of a fascinating lecturer. One was tempted to suppose that at that remote hour when the University Boat Race really had been shown, there may have been some excitement, a 'certain liveliness.' Since a million or so watched the race, cheering themselves hoarse when the result was uncertain, the finish on the film probably produced some enthusiasm. But there was none while I was in the house; and there had been none in the last three houses I attended.

Three things are to be noted. The first is that the films as a rule do not do the thing they alone can do. The second thing is — this applies without qualification to the last four shows I have seen — that what they do is an alien thing and badly done. And the third is that the performances peculiar to the film go down best: the thing is most successful when it is used as it should be used.

On the first two points. Without exception the films — or, to use the latest jargon, reels or screen-stories — I have recently seen have been American. English films are no doubt shown in many houses, and everybody knows about the Allenby films, the South Pole films, the war films. But in the ordinary suburban or provincial house the chances are that you will sit for hours and see nothing but long, very long, American films. They are of various kinds, principally three. There are the Wild West films, in which bronchos buck, heroines flee, and cowboys shoot. There are the comic films, in which imitators of Charlie Chaplin lean against hotel bars, knock their knees together, ogle ladies, turn somersaults, tumble downstairs, and upset policemen. And, finally, there are the 'dramas.' These really hold the field. It is in them that most of the stars are seen, and it is upon them that half the population of England nightly feeds. They are almost without exception contemptible.

As stories they are usually foolish to a degree, not least because after the first few minutes you almost always know what is going to happen. Adapted for English use they usually present characters labeled Sir Hugh or Lady Mary, acted by heavy-jowled American men and mock-innocent American women, whose twang you can almost hear on the screen. There are games of cards in undergraduates' rooms, labeled Oxford or Cambridge, but glaringly Fifth Avenue. There are banquets in pillared and paneled ancestral halls, labeled Mayfair or Bam-

berton Castle, but clearly fitted out by the Waring of New York. There are sick-beds, death-beds, attorneys, solemn doctors, motor-car chases, burglaries in the dark, misunderstandings, suspicions, intercepted letters, babies, consolatory little girls, garrets, and many, many, many reconciliations and restorations. But above all there are two things: endless grimaces, usually 'close-up,' and endless texts, letters, and cablegrams flung upon the screen to explain the course of the story or what is passing in the characters' minds.

Those baronets and attorneys, they come to the front and twist their mouths and roll their eyes. Those heroes, they come to the front and set their jaws and knit their brows. Those adventuresses, they come to the front and smile the smile of triumphant wickedness. Those heroines, with their pale faces or thick black lips, they come to the front, clasp their hands against their breasts, and put in a 'Soul's Awakening' look. And woven into this close fabric of ugly grimaces is a strong thread of written narrative. Sometimes the acting (as we are told, film actors can convey much by look and gesture) is inadequate, and 'What shall I do?' or 'He is beginning to suspect,' has to be thrown on the screen to remedy their deficiencies. Sometimes what is happening is as plain as a pikestaff, but nevertheless that intolerable script must still go up; as when this week, after a portentous doctor had shaken a melancholy head over a sick bed and put a sympathetic hand upon the mother's shoulder, the scene (or glimpse rather, there are few scenes in these dramas) must needs be followed by 'I do not think your child will recover.'

Almost always these films nowadays funk the main problem of the picture-drama, which is to forego words. As it is, what we are more and more getting is cheap melodrama, such as could be seen just as well in a theatre, with the words written instead of spoken.

Why is it? Surely the causes must be purely commercial. For if there is one thing to be noticed everywhere it is that the best, and the fittest, things go down best. I noticed at my show this week that a Wild West exhibition of riding (which could not have been reproduced save on the screen) was very popular, and that in the comic film the things that went down best were stunts, acrobatic and others, the illusion of which was due to manipulation of the film. Only the film can show us the world's events. Only the film can show us a man walking backward. These things used to be done; they are done far less now than they were. When fact and fantasy began to drop off the screens we were told that it was because a new art was developing — the art of The Silent Drama. If that art was possible it has not yet developed. Those who control the cinema world do not mostly bother about it. They are quite content, since they can fill their cheap, dark, and comfortable halls with anything, to supply us with what seems rapidly developing into printed, and very trashy, novelettes thrown on the screen in summary. How hard I have tried to like this popular entertainment; how lamentably I have failed!

[*The Observer, April 25*]

SHAKESPEARE'S MUSIC: A NEW THEORY

BY PERCY A. SCHOLES

THERE is a time for everything — and this particular week is the time for articles on Shakespeare. Here is one. It treats of a little matter that we are

almost certain to find has been overlooked in the journalistic activity his birthday always arouses. It always is overlooked; it always has been overlooked. You will find no mention of it in the eighteenth and nineteenth century Shakespeare commentary and criticism collected in the great Furness 'Variorum' edition, in anything written since. It is a question of Shakespeare's so frequent use of music, but it is not referred to in the two or three books upon the music of Shakespeare.

In all these works Shakespeare's music is treated of as 'incidental,' to use the actor-manager's phrase in his advertisements — a phrase by which the actor-manager misleads himself, often with most unfortunate results for Shakespeare. My contention is that the large amount of music for which Shakespeare calls is, most of it, not 'incidental' but vital — a part of his very dramatic scheme, an element upon which he relies to help him out at moments when speech and action are insufficient.

The proper way to approach this subject is to examine the places where Shakespeare calls for music. A certain number of these we can put aside at once as examples of mere 'incidental' use. Music is here a trimming on the edge of drama, not a part of its stuff. Such, for instance, is the masque music in *As You Like It*, which the dramatist dragged in because he thought his public would like a little musical diversion at this point, the ball music in *Romeo and Juliet*, which came in just because you could not have a ball without music, the banquet music in *Anthony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*, Falstaff's tavern music, Cassio's music outside Othello's lodging, Glendower's minstrel music in *Henry IV*, the merry-making music in *The Winter's Tale* — and so forth. But it is a different thing when we come to look at many other instances of the use of music, and my own conviction is that if these be carefully studied there will be found lying behind them the glimmer of a great purpose. You will find case after case where Shakespeare used music in order to produce the emotions of the 'supernatural.' (I have put that word into inverted commas because I want to use it in a rather special way, a wider way than is, perhaps, common; this will be seen in a moment.)

Anyone who will take the trouble to copy out and compare the hundreds of musical allusions and passages involving the use of music in Shakespeare will, I think, find that they are frequently (perhaps generally) associated with activity on a special plane. Music with Shakespeare is possessed of magical properties. His fairies have music; his witches have music; sometimes his ghosts have music. Music and madness go together, music and love, music and healing, music and death. It may at first seem fanciful to class all these things together as 'supernatural,' but reflection will show, I think, that as a convenient term the word is justified. When these things are toward, the dramatist has to take us out of our everyday selves; we are to be made to feel ourselves in the presence of the magic of witchcraft or the magic of love (which is surely no less a magic), to feel the magical awe of a return from the grave, or the awe of the departure of a soul (which is no less an awe), to see minds disordered brought to order again and bodies apparently dead brought to life (and this is magical, too). If Shakespearean students will take the trouble to look into his practice in the use of music I think they will be surprised to find how often the passages in which he calls for it fall into one or other of these various categories and a few others like them.

In all this we see, I think, the practical hand of a playwright who knew his job. He had a stage that projected into the pit and into the open air; there was no means of darkening it, or of using colored light, such as the modern stage depends on at moments such as those I have described. He had no scenery — or none to speak of. He could make little appeal through the eye in these 'supernatural' moments, so he made his appeal through the ear. Moreover, as Sir Hubert Parry once pointed out when I discussed the subject in his presence, Shakespeare had in his theatre an audience to whom that appeal through the ear might be safely made. England in those days was intensely musical; music was then loved and practised among all classes. I do not admit that we are nowadays (as is so often charged against us) an unmusical people, but I think nobody can deny that the emotions of the average Elizabethan were more susceptible to the musical appeal than those of the average theatre-goer to-day.

Let us take a practical example of the difficulty of the dramatist. The great quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is just over. The friends are reconciled and have parted for the night. The excitement of the audience has been worked up by the quarrel. The atmosphere is not that which the dramatist feels is needed for the appearance of Cæsar's ghost, with its thrilling warning. This is just the place where the modern dramatist would rely upon a preliminary turning down of the lights and the appearance of the ghost in almost complete darkness, draped in white with bright limelight playing on him alone — or some such device. Shakespeare could not do that: the whole thing was to be done in the light of day, and his chief reliance is on music. Brutus calls on his boy attendant:

Brutus: Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Lucius: Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Brutus: It does my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
(*Music and a Song.*)

All is now still; the two soldiers present in the tent sleep, the boy also. Only Brutus wakes, and he takes up a book, finds the page turned down where he last left off reading, sits, and is quietly settling to read when — the ghost of Cæsar enters.

It will be noticed here how cleverly Shakespeare calms down his audience — prepares their mood, and very subtly awakens a feeling of expectation of something awesome to come. This is the equivalent of many a passage in Beethoven, where a striking theme is preceded by a passage of significance chiefly as a preparation of the mind of the audience for what is to come. Many such passages must have been afterthoughts of the composer: he has quite evidently written, or thought out, the theme he means to introduce at that particular part of his work, and has then set to work to produce a passage that shall prepare the mood of his audience. It sounds unstudied, even spontaneous, but was probably the result of much thought and experiment. The passage which precedes the recapitulation in the first movement of the 'Eroica' Symphony is a familiar example.

The subject is surely an interesting one. I have merely touched on it here, giving one example when I might give dozens, and it is one to which I may perhaps return. But I hope I have already made clear what I mean when I say that Shakespeare's music is often something much more than 'incidental,' and that real dramatic purpose lies behind it.

[*The National Review*]

JOAN OF ARC BEFORE RHEIMS, 1918

BY SIR EVELYN GRANT DUFF

Soft moonlight rested on the shell-swept plain
Around unconquered Rheims where scarrèd fields
Stretched grim and arid as the lava streams
Round dead volcanoes. In vision there I saw
A steel-clad figure leaning on her sword,
Lonely as stands that seraph-form divine,
Whose flaming brand keeps the forbidden way
Which leads majestic to the Tree of Life.
How shall poor words reveal the valiant eyes
Which gazed into the darkness where her foe
'Midst ruin lay, sore hurt, but awful still?
Some Grecian sculptor may have tried to lend
Such gray prophetic eyes to Pallas armed
And sighed to find, alas, how distant far
The lovely deed was from the lovelier will.
From down her shoulders facing north there hung
A shield ablaze with her white virgin soul
And the fair honor of a million men,
Who in four years of fight had given their blood
That France might live, and living ever wave
An ensign in the upward march of men.
Splendid it shone as when Orion's belt
Streams like Heaven's standard o'er the Arctic ice,
Gilding the rocks, the gaunt gray rocks that stand,
Like veilèd sisters ranged in solemn choir,
While winds their sighing Miserere chant.
The dying moon, ling'ring as loath to part,
Shimmered awhile upon the weary face,
Made wearier in the dawn. Then kissed farewell
And sank as day arose and drowned the plain
With crimson lurid on the battered fields.
All in a moment I beheld a Cross
Gleam from the mystic North upon that shield,
As though St. George's sign aglow with blood
Had borne a message from the British dead,
From that great spirit host which deathless stands
And holds the bridge against Embattled Hell.

[*The Landmark*]

EDMUND BURKE AND AMERICA: FROM A BRITISH POINT OF VIEW

BY F. W. RAFFETY

THERE is no doubt that Edmund Burke is revered by Americans as one of the asserters of their liberties. His works have been studied and his principles have a large part in the framing of American policy, as they have in that of British from his time to our own. Perhaps he has been an even greater force in American politics during the last few years, largely owing to the known study and admiration of President Wilson.

I do not forget that the historic associations of Burke with the War of Independence do not come home to all citizens of the American Commonwealth, as they do to some who are directly descended from the three millions of Colonists whose cause he espoused with a wisdom and eloquence which have furnished an armory for the friends of freedom ever since. But to recall the services of Burke to American liberty can never be without advantage to all of the American and British people, when it is remembered that the extinction of American liberty would soon have been followed by the suppression of British self-governing institutions at home.

The quarrel is now purely historic; resentment after so many years may be said to have at last cleared away; and the reception of the heir to the British throne, the great-great-great-grandson of George the Third, by all sections of the American people is conclusive and final proof of this.

The growing appreciation and knowledge of the American people and constitution have very largely been due to a riper acquaintance which British people have recently made with the character of Abraham Lincoln. American admiration of British greatness may have tended to limit itself to those men and women of a time long enough ago to be a common heritage; but it is certain that our interest in anything purely American has not been worthy of us as a people. We have freely recognized the right of America to share our classic honors; and in the person of the United States Ambassador have often associated her in the tribute. In 1908 Mr. Whitelaw Reid unveiled at Bath a tablet to Burke, and after mentioning the names of those whom Bath had already so honored, he said that they had left the greatest to the last. Yet among the others were Chatham, Nelson, Wolfe, Clive, Fielding, Johnson, Goldsmith, Jane Austen, Scott, Gainsborough, Dickens, and Herschel.

It was, of course, a small batch of Colonies on the eastern shore of which Burke asserted the liberties: 'a set of miserable outcasts, a few years ago not so much sent out as thrown out, on the bleak and barren shore of a desolate wilderness three thousand miles from all civilized intercourse.' Yet, even then, 'I never cast an eye on their flourishing commerce, and their cultivated and commodious life, but they seem to me rather ancient nations grown to perfection through a long

series of fortunate events and a train of successful industry, accumulating wealth in many centuries, than the Colonies of yesterday.'

Burke had in regard to America what he so deplorably lacked later on in regard to France, an intimate knowledge of the history and conditions of the people, besides an acute understanding of the point at issue and the keenest interest in protesting against what he at once detected as an unsound departure from the system on which the Colonies had been hitherto governed. Burke had mastered the American question, on which he was 'serious even to sadness.' As long since as 1757 he had written, or at least there is credited to him, an 'Account of the European Settlements in America.'

He, with doubtful propriety, accepted the representation of the State of New York in this country; his speeches show an exact knowledge of the grounds of the dispute, of its psychological as well as its financial origins, and of its reaction upon home politics, that was certainly shared by few of those who were compelled to give him their applause, though as 'King's Friends' they withheld their vote. 'The feelings of the Colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain. . . . Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave.' And so Burke and Chatham were agreed (as they were too seldom) when the latter said, 'I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest.'

'Liberty,' wrote Burke to the Sheriffs of Bristol, 'is in danger of being made unpopular to Englishmen. Contending for an imaginary power, we begin to acquire the spirit of domination, and to lose the relish of honest equality.' Here is the wisdom that did not avail on that occasion, but has happily availed ever since to the glory of the British Commonwealth: 'My hold of the Colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron.' And again, 'Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great Empire and little minds go ill together.'

In a fragment which has come down to us we find Burke writing, after a defeat of the Americans: 'The Americans — as I have (reputed) and do repute them the first of men, to whom I owe eternal thanks for making me think better of my nature — though they have been obliged to fall down at the present before the professional armies of Germany, have yet afforded a dawning hope by the stand they have made, that in some corner of the globe, at some time, or in some circumstances, the *citizen* may not be the *slave* of the soldier.'

May we not say that Burke's principles were never more needed in world politics than they are to-day; and is it not matter for comfort that they have permeated the governing system and directed the leading minds of the great Powers in two continents? If those principles are to be found more clearly enunciated in one part of his writings than in another, they are in the American pieces: the 'Speech on American Taxation' (1774), the 'Speech on Conciliation with America' (1775), and the 'Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol' (1777) — great wisdom in little compass. Lord Morley has written: 'It is no exaggeration to say that they com-

pose the most perfect manual in our literature, or in any literature, for one who approaches the study of public affairs, whether for knowledge or for practice.'

The reader will not be content to rest after these pieces. He will perhaps particularly want to study Burke in his correspondence. But here is the link which binds us as two peoples who have come equally to reverence the principles enshrined there, and no longer quarrel over their particular application.

If, according to Lecky, the *Wealth of Nations* had been published a century earlier, and if its principles had passed into legislation (and Burke had anticipated many of them), the separation of England and the Colonies might have been indefinitely adjourned. If Charles Townshend's Cabinet colleagues had understood what he was intending; if George Grenville, like other Ministers, had saved himself the trouble of reading the American dispatches, and if the 'wise and salutary neglect' commended by Burke had continued; if the King's Governors in America had had a small amount of wisdom; if the House of Commons had voted for Burke's Resolutions on Conciliation instead of having to accept, even then in amazement, three years too late, almost the same from Lord North; if the temper of the King had been other than it was, history would indeed have been different.

Such speculations would be quite idle if we could not see that in face of such a continued Union, actuated by the best that is common to British and American policy, the late war might never have broken out. As it is, we must be content with one or two minor observations.

England was not entirely in the wrong. There was some conflict of ideals, as perhaps there always is even in the worst of wars. There were 'loyalists' in America, who mostly ended their days in poverty and exile; and, as Lecky says of these supporters of a beaten cause, history has paid but a scanty tribute to their memory, though they comprised some of the best and ablest men there. They contended for the ideal of one free, industrial, and pacific empire, comprising the whole English race. And again, may we not learn something from the fact that, when the war was over, there were in those days many who wished to perpetuate hatred; that proposals were made for striking medals commemorating on one side English atrocities and on the other the admirable actions of the Americans, and for educating the children by such illustrations?

But happily these misguided energies of the day have failed. Burke's words have endured. Throughout the English-speaking world they survive, and are a cement which binds us together in the bonds of a freedom operating in a Union of which he could not dream.

In that early work to which I have referred, of little value now, there seem to be some indubitable marks of Burke, especially where, in paying a tribute to William Penn, he says: 'It is but just that in such a subject we should allot a little room to do honor to those great men whose virtue and generosity have contributed to the peopling of the earth, and to the freedom and happiness of mankind; who have preferred the interest of a remote posterity, and times unknown, to their own fortunes, and to the quiet and security of their own lives. Now Great Britain and all America reap great benefits from his labors and his losses.'

As legislator and founder of so flourishing a community, Penn deserved 'great honor among all man-

kind,' for he governed a people 'who, in the midst of a fierce and lawless race of men, have preserved themselves, with unarmed hands and passive principles, by the rules of moderation and justice, better than any other people have done by policy and arms.'

The small number of American citizens who are able to visit this country must always rejoice to think that, in the county of Hampden, in the southern portion of it, so rich in associations with Milton and Gray and many others, and within a few miles of that Quaker burial ground which holds the dust of William Penn, is also the resting-place of the great statesman and forerunner of Anglo-American union, Edmund Burke.

[*The London Mercury*]

A LAST DIARY

BY W. N. P. BARBELLION

September 24th, 1918.— Two brown men on a yellow rick, thatching; in the background, a row of green elms; above, a windhover poised in mid-air; perpendicular silver streaks of rain; bright sunlight, and a rainbow encircling all. It was as simple as a diagram. One could have cut out the picture with a pair of scissors. I looked with a cold detached eye, for all the world as if the thatchers had no bellies, nor immortal souls, as if the trees were timber and not vibrant vegetable life; I forgot that the motionless windhover contained a wonderful and complex anatomy, rapidly throbbing all the while, and that the sky was only a painted ceiling.

But this simplification of the universe was such a relief. It was nice for once in a way not be teased by its beauty or over-stimulated by its wonder. I merely received the picture like a photographic plate.

September 25th, 1918.— Saw a long-tailed tit to-day. Exquisite little bird! It was three years since I saw one. I should like to show one to Hindenburg and watch them in juxtaposition. I wonder what would be their effect on each other? I once dissected a 'specimen'— God forgive me — but I did n't find out anything.

September 26th, 1918.— It was over ten years ago since I read *Wuthering Heights.* Have just read it again, aloud, to E——'* and am delighted and amazed. When I came to the dreadfully moving passages of talk between Cathy and Heathcliff —'Let me alone, let me alone,' sobbed Catherine. 'If I have done wrong, I'm dying for it. It is enough! You left me too! But I won't upbraid you for it! I forgive you! Forgive me!'

'It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes and feel those wasted hands,' he answered. 'Kiss me again, and don't let me see your eyes! I forgive you what you have done to me. I love my murderer — but yours? How can I?'— I had to stop and burst out laughing — or I should have burst

* His wife.

into tears. E—— came over and we read the rest of the chapter together.

I can well understand the remark of Charlotte, a little startled and propitiatory, that, having created the book, Emily did not know what she had done. She was the last person to appreciate her own work.

Emily was fascinated by the *beaux yeux* of fierce male cruelty, and she herself, once, in a furious rage, blinded her pet bulldog with blows from her clenched fist. *Wuthering Heights* is a story of fiendish cruelty and maniacal love passion. Its preternatural power is the singular result of three factors in rarest combination — rare genius, rare moorland surroundings, and rare character. One might almost write her down as Mrs. Nietzsche—her religious beliefs being a comparatively minor divergence. However that may be, the young woman who wrote in the poem 'A Prisoner' that she did n't care whether she went to Heaven or Hell so long as she was dead, is no fit companion for the young ladies of a seminary. 'No coward soul is mine,' she tells us in another poem, with her fist held to our wincing nose. I, for one, believe her. It would be idle to pretend to love Emily Brontë, but I venerate her most deeply. Even at this distance, I feel an immediate awe of her person. For her, nothing held any menace. She was adamant over her ailing flesh, defiant of death and the lightnings of her mortal anguish — and her name was Thunder!

October 4th, 1918.— This evening, E—— being away in Wales for a few days, sat with Nurse, who, with dramatic emphasis and real understanding, read to me in the firelight S. Matthew's account of the trial of Jesus. It reminded me, of course, of Raskolnikoff and Sonia, in *Crime and Punishment*, reading the Bible together, though my incident was in a minor key. Nurse told me of the wrangle between Mr. Pratt and Miss Bathurst over teaching the Sunday School children all about Hell.

October 5th, 1918.— Some London neurologist has injected a serum into a woman's spine with beneficial results, and as her disease is the same as mine, they wish me to try it too. I may be able to walk again, to write, etc., my life may be prolonged!

November 2d, 1918.— The war news is fine! For weeks past I have gained full possession of my soul and lived in dignity and serenity of spirit as never before. It has been a gradual process, but I am changed, a better man, calm, peaceful, and, by Jove! top dog. May God forgive me all my follies! My darling E——, I know, is secretly traveling along the same mournful road as I have traveled these many years, and am now arrived at the end of, and I must lend her all the strength I can. But it is hard to try to undo what I have done to her. Time is our ally, but it moves so slowly.

November 3d to November 26th, 1918. — Posterity will know more about these times than we do. Men are now too preoccupied to digest the volume of history in each day's newspaper.

On the 11th my newspaper never came at all, and I endured purgatory. Heard the guns and bells and felt rather weepy. In the afternoon, Nurse wheeled me as far as the French Horn, where I borrowed a paper and sat out in the rain reading it.

Some speculators have talked wildly about the prospect of modern civilization, in default of a League of Nations, becoming extinct. Modern civilization can never be extinguished by anything less than a secular cataclysm or a new Ice Age. You cannot analogize the Minoan civilization which has clean vanished. The world now is bigger

than Crete, and its history henceforward will be a continuous development without any such lacuna as that between Ancient Greece and our Elizabethans. Civilization in its present form is ours to hold and to keep in perpetuity, for better, for worse. There can be no monstrous deflection in its evolution at this late period any more than we can hope to cultivate the pineal Eye on top of our heads — useful as it would be in these days of aeroplanes. But the chance is gone — Evolution has swept past. Perhaps on some other planet mortality may have had more luck. There are, peradventure, happy creatures somewhere in this great universe who generate their own light like glow-worms, or can see in the dark like owls, or have wings like birds. Or there may be no mortality, only immortality, no stomachs, no 'flu, no pills — and no kisses, which would be a pity! But it's no good we earth-dwellers repining now. It is too late. Such things can never be — not in our time, anyhow! So far as I personally am concerned, I am just now very glad man is only bipedal. To be a centipede and have to lie in bed would be more than even I could bear.

If the civilization of Ancient Greece or Ancient Rome had permeated the whole world they would never have become extinct.

We are now entered on the kingless republican era. The next struggle, in some ways more bitter and more protracted than this, will be between Capital and Labor. After that, the Millennium of Mr. Wells and the Spiritistic Age. After the aeroplane, the soul. Few yet realize what a transformation awaits the patient investigations of the psychical researchers. We know next to nothing about the mind force and spirit workings of man. But there will be a tussle with hoary old materialists like Edward Clodd.

November 26th, 1918.— My old Nurse lapses into bizarre malapropisms. She is afraid the Society for the Propagation of Cruelty to Animals will find fault with the way we house our hens; for boiling potatoes she prefers to use the camisole(casserole)! She says *Mr. Bolflour, arminstance, von Tripazz,* and so on. Yesterday, in the long serenity of a dark winter's night, with a view to arouse my interest in life, she went and brought some heirloom treasures from the bottom of her massive trunk — some coins of George I. 'Of course they're all obsolute now,' she said. 'What! absolutely obsolute?' I inquired in surprise. The answer was in the informative.

In spite of physical difficulties surrounding me in a mesh-work, I have now unaided corrected my proofs in joyful triumph — an ecstatic conqueror up to the very end. I take my life in homœopathic doses now. I am tethered by but a single slender thread — curiosity to know what Mr. Wells says in the preface, a little piece of vanity that deserves to be flouted.

December 1st, 1918.— What I have always feared is coming to pass — love for my little daughter. Only another communication string with life to be cut. I want to hear 'the tune of little feet along the floor.' I am filled with intolerable sadness at the thought of her. Oh! forgive me, forgive me!

December 3d, 1918.— 'My word! you do look a figure!' the old Nurse exclaimed to me to-day in the course of one of the periodical tetanuses of all my muscles, when the whole body is contorted into a rigid tangle. 'I shall never make a *puggilist*' (the word is her own), I said.

I was rather impressed, though, for she is one of those who, like Mr. Saddletree, I believe, in *The Heart of*

Midlothian, never notice anything. She would not notice if she came into my room, and I was standing on my head as stiff as a ferrule. 'You may observe,' I should say, 'I am standing upside down — would you turn me round?' 'With pleasure,' is her invariable reply to *every* request I proffer.

December 23d, 1918.— It is strange to hear all this thunderous tread of victory, peace, and Christmas rejoicings above ground, all muffled by the earth, yet quite audible. They have not buried me deep enough. Here in this vault all is unchanged. It is bad for me, for, as to-day, a faint tremor passes along my palsied limbs — a tremor of lust — lust of life, a desire to be up and mingling in the crowd, to be soaked up by it, to feel a sense of all mankind flooding the heart, and strong masculine youth pulsing at the wrists. I can think of nothing more ennobling than the sense of power, unity, and manhood that comes to one in a sea of humanity, all animated by the same motive — to be sweeping folk off their feet and to be swept off one's self; that is to be man, not merely Mr. Brown!

Christmas Day, 1918.— Surely, I muse, a man cannot be accounted a failure who succeeds at last in calling in all his idle desires and wandering motives, and with utter restfulness concentrating his life on the benison of Death. I am happy to think that, like a pilot hard aport, Death is ready at a signal to conduct me over this moaning bar to still deep waters. After four years of war, life has grown cheap and ugly, and Death — how desirable and sweet! Youth now is in love with Death, and many are heavy-hearted because Death flouts their affection — the maimed, halt, and blind. How terrible if life had no end!

This mood, not permanent but recurring constantly, equals the happiness and comfort of the drowning man when he sinks for the third time. A profound compassion for my dear ones and friends, and all humanity left on the shore of this world struggling, fills my heart. I want to say genially and persuasively to them as my last testament: Why not die? What loneliness under the stars! It is only bland, unreflecting eupepsia that leads poets to dithyrambs about the heavenly bodies, and to call them all by beautiful names.

Diana! Yet the moon is a menace and a terrible object-lesson. Despite Blanco White, it were well if the night had never revealed the stars to us. Suppose a man with the swiftness of light touring through the darkness and cold of this great universe. He would pass through innumerable solar systems and discover plenty of pellets (like this earth, each surging with waves of struggling life, like worms in carrion). And he would tour onward like this forever and ever. There would be no end to it, and always he would be discovering more hot suns, more cold and blasted moons, and more pellets, and each pellet would be in an eternal fatuous dance of revolutions, the life on it blind and ignorant of all other life outside its own atmosphere.

But out of this *cul-de-sac* there is one glorious escape — Death, a way out of Time and space. As long as we go on living, we are as stupid and as caged as those dancing rats with diseased semi-circular canals that incessantly run round and round in circles. But if we be induced to remain in this *cul-de-sac*, there is always an alleviative in communication and communion with our fellows. Men need each other badly in this world. The stars are crushing, but mankind in the mass is even above the stars — how far above, Death may show, perhaps to our surprise.

But if I go on I shall come round to the conviction that Life is beer and skittles. Cheerio! . . . This is not written in despair—'despair is a weakening of faith, hope in God.' But I am tired and in need of relief. Death tantalizes my curiosity, and sometimes I feel I could kill myself just to satisfy it. But I agree that Death, save as the only solution, is merely a funk-hole.

Boxing Day, 1918.— James Joyce is my man (in the *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*). Here is a writer who tells the truth about himself. It is almost impossible to tell the truth. In this Journal I have tried, but I have not succeeded. I have *set down* a good deal, but I cannot *tell* it. Truth of self has to be left by the psychology-miner at the bottom of his boring. Perhaps fifty or a hundred years hence, Posterity may be told, but Contemporary will never know. See how soldiers deliberately, from a mistaken sense of charity and decency, conceal the horrors of this war. Publishers and government aid and abet them. Yet a good cinema film of all the worst and most filthy and disgusting side of the war — everyone squeamish and dainty-minded to attend under state compulsion to have their necks scroffed, their sensitive nose-tips pitched into it, and their rest on lawny couches disturbed for a month after — would do as much to prevent future wars as any League of Nations.

It is easy to reconcile one's self to man's sorrows by shutting the eyes to them. But there is no satisfaction in so easy a victory. How many people have been jerry-building their faith and creed all their lives by this method! One breath of truth and honest self-dealing would blow the structure down like a house of cards. The optimist and believer must bear in mind such things as the C.C.S. described by M. Duhamel, or this from M. Latzko's *Men in Battle:*

> The captain raised himself a little, and saw the ground and a broad dark shadow that Weixler cast. Blood? He was bleeding? Or what? Surely that was blood. It could n't be anything but blood. And yet it stretched out so peculiarly, and drew itself up like a thin thread to Weixler, up to where his hand pressed his body as though he wanted to pull up the roots that bound him to the earth.
>
> The captain had to see. He pulled his head farther out from under the mound and uttered a hoarse cry, a cry of infinite horror. The wretched man was dragging his entrails behind him.

The reviewer suggests that the book should be *read by school children* in every school in the world! I should like to take it (and I hope it is large and heavy) and bring it down on the heads of the heartless, unimaginative mob, who would then have to look at it, if only to see what it was that cracked down on their skulls so heavily.

Certainly Joyce has chosen the easier method of transferring his truth of self to a fictional character, thus avoiding recognition. I have failed in the method urged by Tolstoi in the Diary of his youth: 'Would it not be better to say,' he asks, '"This is the kind of man I am; if you do not like me, I am sorry, but God made me so"? . . . Let every man show just what he is, and then what has been weak and laughable in him will become so no longer to himself.' Some of my weaknesses I publish, and no doubt you say at once, 'self-advertisement.' I agree more or less, but believe *egotism* is a diagnosis nearer the mark. I do not aspire to Tolstoi's *ethical* motives. Mine are *intellectual.* I am the scientific investigator of myself, and if the published researches bring me into notice I am not averse from it, though interest in my work comes first.

January 1st, 1919.— My dear Arthur!*—if it 's a boy call him Andrew

* A brother of Barbellion's.

Chatto Windus. Then perhaps the firm will give him a royalty when he is published at the Font.

My life has quite changed its orientation. I am no longer an intellectual snob. If I were, E—— and I would have parted ere now. I never liked to take her to the B.M. (in my petty way), because there all the values are intellectual.

January 3d, 1919.— She taxes me with indifference, says my sympathy is cold. By God! this is hard to bear. But she is so desperate, she is lunging out right and left at all. I fear for her mental balance. What's going to happen to us? Why does everyone seem to have forsaken us? Ah, it is almost too hard for me to bear! And I can't break down. I am like ice. I can't melt. I had a presentiment of evil awaiting us about now. I don't know why, unless long experience of it produces a nose for it, so that I can smell it in advance.

January 4th, 1919.— I have talked of being *in love with one's own ruin;* Bashkirtseff of liking to suffer, to be in despair. Light, frivolous talk. At the most, such moods are only short lulls between the spasms of agony of suffering; one longs to be free of them as of acute physical pain, to be unconscious. I look forward to night, to darkness, rest, and sleep. I sleep well between twelve and six, and then watch the dawn, from black (and the owl's hoot) to gray (and the barncock's crow) to white (and the black-bird's whistle). The oak beam on my ceiling, the Japanese print on the wall come slowly into view, and I dread them. I dread the day with my whole soul. Each dawn is hopeless. Yes, it is true, they have not buried me deep enough. I don't think I'm buried at all. They have not even taken me down from the tree. And my wife they are just nailing up. I can never forget wherever I may be — in Heaven or Hell — her figure in dressing-gown and shawl, drawn up erect, but swaying because she is so weak — before me at the fireside (she has just been bending over me and kissing me, hot cheeks and hot tears that mingled and bound us together to that moment forever), her head tilted toward the ceiling and her poor face looking so ill and screwed up as she half-whispered: 'Oh! God! it's so hopeless.' I think that picture is impressed even on the four walls of the room, its memory is photographed on the air to haunt those who may live here in the time to come. I said, 'Fight it out, dear. Don't give in. I believe in a personal devil. The human spirit is unconquerable. You'll come through if you fight.' It was but a few weeks ago that she came home one evening, dug out from a drawer her beautiful dance dress, got into it, and did a *pas seul* for my pleasure round the little cottage room. That ogre Fate was drawing out her golden wing and mocking her loss of liberty. Ah! the times we *intended* to have together!

January 19th, 1919.— The situation is eased. E—— is at Brighton for a change, and has P—— with her (she came up from Wales with the nurse after seven months' visit). But I am heartsore and unhappy.

January 20th, 1919.— If I were to sum up my life in one word I should say *Suffocation.* R—— has been my one blowhold. How I look forward to a little oxygen when my Journal is published! I am delighted and horrified at the same time. What will my relatives say? 'T will be the surprise of their lives. I regard it as a *revanche.* The world has always gagged and suppressed me. Now I turn and hit it in the belly.

THE ARTS AND LETTERS

THE THEATRE AND THE UNIVERSITY

BARRIE'S new play, *Mary Rose*, recently reviewed at length in these columns, is meeting with success. Mr. Galsworthy's *Skin Game* still holds the stage, but has been thought harsh and disagreeable. In Paris, the most pleasant and amusing play of the hour is *Un Homme en Habit* by André Picard and Yves Mirande. The plot deals with the comic plight of a man in the world who has lost everything except fourpence and a dress suit. The movies continue to rage and imagine a vain thing. The *Auction of Souls* film which attracted no particular critical attention in the United States has been withdrawn from the London screens because of its scenes of torture, crucifixion, and other pastimes indulged in by the evidently soured Kurds. The alliance of the university and the theatre, a phenomenon which has been noted in America, is now talked of in Britain. The distinguished author-manager, Granville Barker, has a longish letter on the subject in a recent number of the London *Mercury*. Of the American movement he writes:

'I have been for some years in intermittent touch with the dramatic work done at two or three of the universities in America, and quite lately I have been able to see and hear a little more of it. Not for a generation or so, you will agree, does such work take effect. But already in America one can point to the modern drama occupying a place of reasonable dignity in the cultural equipment of most educated men and women. There is a far wider and a keener critical appreciation of English dramatists in America than there is among the similarly situated public in England, of which fact the dramatists might gratefully take note. And this, I am ready to maintain, is almost entirely due to the work and inspiration of George Baker, of Harvard, and William Phelps, of Yale, and of the many who have followed the paths they blazed. (Doctorates of Philosophy, you are aware, are not to be gained at Harvard or Yale by efforts in short-story writing.) But if the work was pioneer, it had equally to be experimental. Much of it, no doubt, has not yet been entirely profitable, but most has been significant, and we might well profit by observing, with some courtesy of mind, its development.

'This has been, one might say, mainly in the direction of justifying the Renaissance opinion that an art is best studied by its practice. And at present the more intensive study of the drama in America tends to centre in what are called "workshops," the name implying the wholesome recognition that there is much more in the business than a specialized sort of literature. Practice in playwrighting may overshadow other branches of study, but it does not seem to wither them any more than devotion to a University "workshop" (which is largely post-graduate) overshadows or withers the more general and superficial interest which an average student may take in drama. I think you underrate the merit of much of the

work turned out after study of this sort. But rather ask why the whole standard of American playwrighting is rapidly rising and account for the immediate aptitude for the theatre that these new recruits to the ranks of its writers show. Granted one wishes both there and here for a worthier professional theatre to absorb them; that is another matter.'

In all the world of Arts and Letters, prohibition's most vigorous enemy is Mr. G. K. Chesterton. He makes no truce with the arid monster bent on devouring old Omar's 'Daughter of the Vine,' but comes out to harry him like a very St. George of the Vineyards. Prohibition now becomes one of Mr. Chesterton's three favorite topics, the other two being the virtues of mediæval Christianity, and the objectionableness of Jews. In the last issue of the *Sunday Times*, he cries out:

'Is there any meaning whatever in the word liberty? Has the citizen any rights, as the Declaration of Independence and the old democratic theory said he had? If he has not, we have only to clear all our language, past and present, of a very vast accumulation of cant. If he has rights, what are they if they do not include a right to choose his own diet, and take the daily risk and responsibility of his own health? There cannot be any personal right more personal. To deny that liberty, and respect any other liberty, is like forbidding legs and elaborately preserving trousers; or cutting off a man's head, and declaring the immortal sanctity of his hat. If you do not leave him private liberty, you cannot possibly leave him any more public liberty. It is ludicrous, for instance, to leave him any liberty of speech.

'It may well be maintained that ultimately nearly all social evils, all the corruption of the young, all the hardening of the old, all the swindling and snobbery and false standards, are due to the abuse of speech. And I presume that when progress has advanced yet further, men will all wear muzzles, to prevent the spread of the rabies of random conversation. Or their gags will only be removed, in the presence of the police, at certain stated hours of the day, when each man will be allowed a certain number of selected sentences; two well-chosen epigrams about the weather, and a few loyal sentiments indicating the rapture of being ruled by a paternal and scientific government.

'But at present the system is less logical; indeed, it is a mere muddle in the mind. This is proved by the fact that the prohibitionists, when confronted with this common sense, can only stammer certain set phrases which were already rather stale and stupid when they were used by Tarquin or Torquemada. They will murmur, "Liberty is not license"; to which the obvious answer is, "If choice of diet is license, choice of what is liberty?" Why should not a man be forced to take a walk, or to go on to the twelfth lamp-post instead of turning back at the tenth, so that he may take enough exercise? His health, we are told, is the concern of the whole community. Or they will say that a man may have liberty if it does not interfere with others, though it is obvious that his taste in drink only interferes with others in the sense that every conceivable human action interferes with others.

'What interests me, therefore, is not this one fugitive fad, but the loss of the whole idea of liberty, the denial of any proper province for the choice of the citizen. The original human tradition was that the free man, as distinct from the slave, could be trusted with a certain group of normal func-

tions, could choose a mate, could rear a family, could eat or drink what he could produce, or purchase, and so on. The democratic tradition is that no men should be slaves, but that all men should be trusted with the normal functions. The modern movement is that all men should lose all their functions, not in logical order, but in a series of raids by random sectarians. The Eugenists will take away the choice of a mate. The Servile Staters will take away the choice of a job. Irregularly and in patches, like all blind barbaric things, the heathen slavery will return.'

AN extraordinary discovery, of great artistic importance, has been recently made in Geneva. Some unknown work of that great spirit, Albert Durer, has come to light. The matter is thus reported in the *Observer:*

'What is probably the most valuable book for its size in the world has been discovered recently in Geneva. Certainly, it is the most under discussion at the moment. No art treasure of equal importance has come to light for many years, and this little book is already the object of lively interest among continental bibliophiles and art lovers.

'The history of the discovery is brief. Some weeks ago, the eminent Florentine publisher and collector of MSS, Mr. Léo Olschki, purchased an illuminated MS. of the early sixteenth century from a bookseller in Nuremberg. The MS. was sent to Geneva, where Mr. Olschki has a fine collection of MSS, old printed books, and so forth, and it was there shown to Monsieur Delarue, curator of the Art Department of the Museum. While examining the illuminated miniatures contained in the MS., Monsieur Delarue noticed on one the signature "A.D.," in the form of the unmistakable monogram of Albert Dürer, the great painter of Nuremberg. Already the MS. had been remarked for its excellence. After a careful inspection, lasting over a week, eleven miniatures in all were seen to be signed in the same way, and minute examination by the most competent authorities verified the supposition that here was an original and unknown work of the famous artist.

'Apart from the consummate skill and great beauty of execution bestowed upon it, the importance of the discovery lies in the fact that until now Albert Durer was not known to have included miniature illumination among the many branches of art in which he excelled. The master hand in the wood-cut, in line engraving, and in oils, is now seen to have been a master hand in illumination as well.

'As the unique known example of his own work of this kind and the only MS. extant illuminated by a painter of the very highest order, the value of the book is immense, almost incalculable. A single painting by so great a master would be valued to-day at many thousands of pounds, and eleven are here, of the very best, and together in one book!

'Bound in dull green morocco, the volume is a vellum MS. about six to seven inches in length by four in breadth. The subject of the text, which is done in black and of indifferent illumination and design, is the *History of the Passion*, a popular enough work in the fifteenth century, and especially in Germany, and on the last page is the date . . . anno domini 1521. Bound up with this text are twenty-three superb miniatures (four by three and a half), painted with gold and colors on the vellum, of exquisite workmanship, brilliant coloring, and striking design. Eleven of these have so far been accredited to Durer, and

the remaining twelve, only very slightly inferior in execution, are evidently the work of a pupil, possibly of Nicholas Glockendon, from whose hand several miniatures after Durer are known, and to whom this MS. was ascribed by its previous owner. The Durer signature, though often not obvious if not looked for, is clearly marked and is generally in the form of the usual monogram, a D surmounted by a larger A.

'These miniatures form a set of illustrations for the Passion, and thus add one more to the number of series from Durer's hand depicting the same subject. The designs are, with slight alterations, identical with those for the so-called "Little Passion" on wood, executed between 1509 and 1511, but it is the Durer of the line engraving rather than the Durer of the block-book that we recognize in this work. The execution is more delicate and the facial expression more finely worked out.

'The date of the miniatures is uncertain, and is evidently anterior to that of the text, since two or three of them show signs of having been separately framed before being bound up in the book. They had also been separately numbered on the back and apart from the numbering of the pages of the MS. Probably they were done at the time of the other sets of "Passion" series, that is, between 1507 and 1512, when the artist was in the prime of life, being then between thirty and forty years old.

'It is conjectured that the book had remained in possession of one family in Nuremberg for generations, until the latter, reduced to difficulties by the war, sold it to the bookseller from whom Mr. Olschki obtained it. Tradition as to its history had evidently been entirely forgotten.'

THERE is a short and excellent review of a Mr. Ivor Brown's very able book, *The Meaning of Democracy*, in the last London *Mercury*. Now that Democracy is having its fling in the world of Arts and Letters it is more than worth while to have the word defined. Says the London *Mercury:*

'Democracy is a hard word, which, in this age of loose talking and looser thinking, may cover anything from a Bolshevist revolution to the disappearance of top hats. Mr. Brown's book is an effort to clear up this confusion, "to show what democracy, stripped clear of its false clothing, does imply." It is a useful task, and Mr. Brown, if he has not succeeded in giving us a set of all-satisfying definitions, at least removes much rubbish and sets his readers on clear thinking. The key to a proper understanding of democracy is to know what sovereignty means. Mr. Brown, with never a word of Austin and the rest of the tribe of political theorists, disentangles the 'Actual Legal Sovereign,' the determinate person or body which holds the sources of power and the 'Ultimate General Sovereign,' lying behind it — in one word, public opinion.

'When political and legal sovereignty has been assumed by the ultimate general sovereign, the people, you have democracy. However, this is but a starting point, and the true value of Mr. Brown's work is his analysis of what democracy implies and what forms it can or ought to take. Equality and liberty, representative government and direct action, bureaucracy and plutocracy, and "functionalism" are all discussed. And the book ends on the right note in reminding us that democracy implies more than popular power or liberty and more than good will. "There is only one force that can guarantee true democracy, and that is education"— education in the broadest and deepest sense.'

CHANT OF THE BLACK LABORERS

BY NITA H. PADWICK

[A string of carts containing merchandise — these carts pulled in front and propelled from behind by native laborers — such is a sight commonly encountered on the highways of British East Africa. As the natives toil along in the hot sun, those in front chant something to which those in the rear reply. This, of course, in their own language. The chorus of the following attempts to recapture in English the monotonous sound-impression received.]

The white-hot road runs to the dusty station
Past baobab tree and cocoanut plantation,
Still comes the call in clear reiteration
'The way is long, my brothers? — The way is weary.'

Past native huts half-buried in the grasses,
The sun stares down and down, the slow day passes;
They are chanting the saint Koran in the children's classes.
'The way is long, my brothers? — The way is weary.'

Past little trolley-cars, on rails all sheeny
Between the rows of palm-trees brownish greeny,
Filled full of sahibs white, from Kilindini.
'The way is long, my brothers? — The way is weary.'

Through narrow streets of shops whose dim recesses
Hold stuffs and gems and scarlet Eastern dresses;
The shadows melt, the noonday sun oppresses.
'The way is long, my brothers? — The way is weary.'

Their load is coffee from up-country places,
Brown cotton-bales, copra in wooden cases.
O'er the white walls the purple creeper races.
'The way is long, my brothers? — The way is weary.'

And on they toil, on to the dusty station,
Past baobab tree and cocoanut plantation,
Black servants of the great white British nation.
'The way is long, my brothers? — The way is weary.'

[*The Athenæum*]

WERTHER

BY F. W. STOKOE

In old, dim days — nay, passionate, poignant, true —
Love-drunken Werther raved, despaired, and died.
The other day I read it all anew
And, ere I shut the covers, stepped inside
And found good Albert making from the room,
A little puzzled, busy, narrow, trim;
And Werther crouching in ecstatic gloom
While Lotte played that magic air for him.
Young, modest, generous, and fair were they.
And when the little melody was played
He kissed her hand and wept — how cool it lay
In his, impassioned, hers, all unafraid!
Their twilight falls. Our insolent daylight shows
(Bright feathers in the cold deserted nest),
Her pretty ribbons and her furbelows,
His curious long blue coat and yellow vest.